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FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS DIXON MERRITT HAROLD T. PULSIFER
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS PARKHURST WHITNEY

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager

WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

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WE are receiving many letters just now asking us where The Outlook stands politically, and why we don't come out for Hoover or for Smith—as the case may be.

OUR feeling in the matter is that for a journal of this sort, independent and non-partisan, the campaign hasn't developed sufficiently to make it clear that the election of either candidate is necessary to save the Republic from destruction.

WE believe—despite the manly attitude of many of our great newspapers and the efforts of prominent men in both parties—that the campaign is going to be an exceedingly bitter, highly emotional one, viciously shot through with prejudice of the most unattractive, deep-rooted sort. Men of both parties—with some notable exceptions—may be arguing the issue in print with intellectual clarity and sober sense. But the private discussions we hear partake more of the nature of Kilkenny riots.

IN such a situation, it seems to us that both fair play and good citizenship demand that we pause and take thought. It is true that Governor Smith has come out unequivocally on several of the important issues. But Mr. Hoover has not yet begun to discuss the campaign. And neither candidate has delivered his formal speech of acceptance.

UNDER such circumstances, for a journal of inquiry to close its mind to all further argument and come out for either candidate would be to argue that it had only made a pretense of independent thought. We do not think it wise at this juncture to place ourselves under the necessity of defending every statement a candidate may make or every action he may propose. We doubt whether there exists between the parties any difference essential enough to make it necessary, at this moment, to follow such a course.

SO far, only one thing seems clear. If you regard the prohibition issue as paramount and want the Prohibition Law modified, it would be good sense to vote for Governor Smith—always granting that Mr. Hoover doesn't alter his views on the subject, and that you are not by tradition or temperament a member of the Republican Party. Vice-versa, if you want prohibition, as it is, given a better and longer trial, it would seem reasonable to vote for Mr. Hoover.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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The Outlook's Washington correspondent was at that time in a position of close relationship with the Oregon Senator. He believes that the Senator deeply regretted the incident. But when President Wilson asked him if he had not been misquoted Senator Chamberlain disdained to place the blame, as other men have done, on the newspaper reporters. His relationship with the President was ended and the break was shortly to terminate his career in the Senate, but he remained a stanch defender of most of the Wilson policies. When shortly afterwards there was a resignation from the Cabinet and many public men in Washington were criticising the President, Senator Chamberlain declared that "Wilson was righteously justified in kicking that fellow out."

When Harding came to the White House, Chamberlain received one of those pitiable political rewards that were doled out to Democrats not in the good graces of the preceding Administration. He accepted, but resigned in a little while and ended his days laboriously practicing law in Washington.

Between Acts in China

WITHIN the Great Wall, having made themselves masters in the eighteen provinces of the great land stretching from Canton on the south to Peking on the north, the Chinese Nationalists are deliberating whether to try to push their power farther into Manchuria. Japan has warned them not to carry civil warfare into this region where she claims a special interest and where the youthful son of the dead dictator Chang Tso-Lin holds sway in Mukden under her protection.

The Nationalists are said to be planning an expedition to clear the Mukden troops out of the Chahar and Sehol zones. They naturally want to hold Manchuria, where the population is overwhelmingly Chinese, as part of China; and they hope that in this way two of the three Manchurian provinces —Heilungkiang and Kirin—would come to their side, leaving the younger Chang's province of Fengtien to follow later. They can hardly envisage an open conflict with the Japanese.

Japan has meanwhile ordered home her forces from Shantung Province, where she sent troops to protect her subjects and their property during the civil war, and where they clashed with the Nationalists at Tsinanfu. She is demanding apologies and indemnities for lives lost and damages suffered then; but has decided that her people are safe enough to make withdrawal the wiser course now.

The Chinese Nationalists are seeking ways to insure the unity of action that won the civil war and at the same time disband their overlarge armies. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," suggests that only the best-disciplined troops be kept. The other leaders at once reply that he has most of the best-disciplined troops. But Feng met with Chiang Kai-shek, Yen Hsi-shan, and Li Tsung-jen, in memorial ceremonies at the tomb of the founder of the Nationalist movement, Sun Yat-sen; and it may be that this gathering indicates a working accord among the possible rivals.

Venizelos Again Rules Greece

RUMORS of a general strike and a naval mutiny were the news a few weeks ago from Greece. Then Venizelos, the former war Premier and builder of "Greater Greece," emerged from a retirement of years and began to attack the fiscal policy of the Government—particularly an offer to public subscription of all shares in the newly created Bank of Greece, the gold reserve policy, and the plan for settlement of the French debt. To outsiders this seemed unexciting, but the return of Venizelos to politics was an event of the first importance in Greece.

The Finance Minister resigned. The pro-Venizelos Liberals withdrew their support from the Cabinet. The entire Ministry—a national republican-royalist coalition—then resigned; and President Kondouriotis made Venizelos Premier. He formed a liberal republican Cabinet, and at once took steps to dissolve Parliament and hold new elections, substituting the majority rule for proportional representation. The royalists are protesting, but the veteran Premier appears to be riding high.

Mourned by Two Nations

IN his tragic death as well as in his heroic aspiration Captain Emilio Carranza has brought into closer sympathy his country and ours. He was a messenger of good feeling between Mexico and America; he returned to us the gesture of friendliness Lindbergh and Morrow had extended to Mexico. It does not detract a particle from the purport of his international message that he was not permitted to carry out his purpose of a non-stop flight northward some 2,300 miles nor that his southern attempt flashed into early disaster and death.

Mexico honored Carranza by declaring a day of national mourning; the President of the United States honored him by offering a United States war-ship to convey his body home. In Mexico thousands of workmen stood for five minutes in silent prayer in honor of their heroic aviator. America by the tributes of its greatest airmen recognized his spirit when to describe him they used the words "modest," "unassuming," "courageous gentleman," and when our President pointed out that his character united the qualities of daring and common sense.

By the best judges who have studied the reason of Carranza's crash in New Jersey the first belief that the disaster was caused by a stroke of lightning is greatly doubted; the more tenable theory seems to be that, overwhelmed by sudden darkness and terrible storm, he tried to land, but was dashed down into the trees. No possible fault attaches to him. Nature in her most savage mood is not to be withstood by human skill or courage.

Junk

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL TIMOTHY J. SHEA, in charge of the Bureau of Securities of the New York Attorney-General's office, estimates that the State's investors have lost a billion dollars since the war in "unlisted securities," stocks and bonds which do not enjoy trading privileges on the Stock Exchange or the Curb Market. As a curb on the distribution of worthless securities, he recommends the formation of a third market.

Nearly every organized exchange investigates all issues applying for trading privileges, and, while not guaranteeing the value of those admitted, it can at least bar offerings of fraudulent and notoriously irresponsible companies. The unlisted market is open to whatever junk any one wants to put into it. Whether or not the value of such junk has amounted to as much as a billion dollars in the last ten years, it is obvious that a market without the power of rejection or completely effective discipline will be the depository for plainly undesirable offerings.

The third organized exchange proposed by Mr. Shea would widen the area into which investors could venture with moderate safety, but it would not close the unlisted market. Because of the small outstanding supply, or for various other reasons, there always will be legitimate securities which can change hands only "over the counter," and, mixed in with them, will be the junk. The law and the educational programs of the

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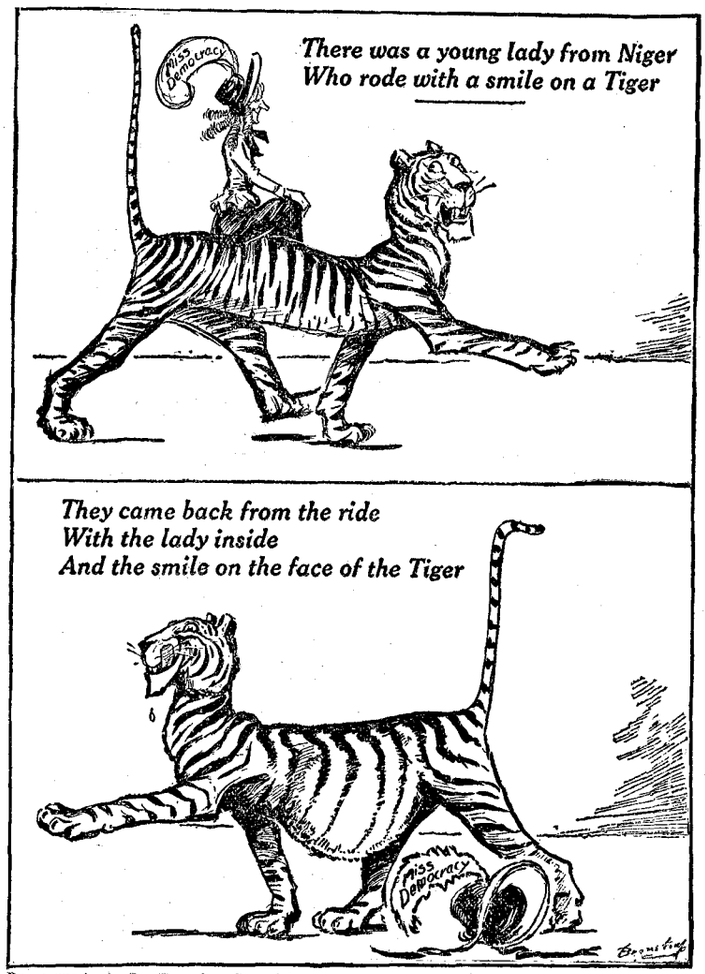
There was a young lady from Niger
Who rode with a smile on a Tiger
Miss Democracy
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the Tiger
Miss Democracy

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

Nice Kitty !

Chairman Work and by lack of utterance, thus far, of Mr. Hoover. Governor Smith, by bringing both to the front, is foolhardy—or sagacious beyond the race of present-day politicians. The election will tend to prove, among other things, whether caution or candor is the better political strategy.

There is, however, caution in what may appear to be Governor Smith's rashness. He has avoided committing himself to a McNary-Haugen Bill. Comparatively few farmers have ever believed whole-heartedly in McNary-Haugenism. Many of those who have favored it have done so because, beyond the recommendations of a conference at the beginning of the Harding Administration, nothing else at all comprehensive was offered.

Voluutary Compulsion

PRACTICALLY all postmasters in Georgia make regular contributions, most of them paying monthly, to the Republican State organization. This fact was proved before the Senate investigating committee in session in Atlanta by introduction of a card index showing names and sums paid. John W. Martin, treasurer of the Republican State Committee, and Ben J. Davis, secretary of the State Committee and until recently Republican National Committeeman from Georgia, admitted on the witness-stand that contributions have been received from practically all postmasters. They insisted, however, that postmasters contribute voluntarily and wholly without solicitation. They were unable to explain how it came about that every postmaster's contribution was in direct ratio to the salary of his office.

Senators Brookhart and Locher are directing the work of the Senate subcommittee. Probably these Senators, one from Iowa and the other from Ohio, do not know the story of the Negro farm-hand who, chaffed by other Negro farm-hands because he could not loaf around the general store on Saturday afternoons, said that he did not have to work on Saturday unless he wanted to—but that if he kept his job he had to want to.

Compulsory voluntary contributions are not paradoxical in Southern Republican politics.

Hoover's Handicap in the South

CONDITIONS similar to, if possibly less flagrant than, those in process of revelation in Georgia have been an important contributing cause through the past five decades to keeping the South solidly Democratic. Men in charge of Republican organizations in Southern States have frequently had fat-frying concessions which they would have lost if their States had by any chance gone Republican. Leaders of Republican organizations have had a greater pecuniary interest than Democratic leaders in keeping the Southern States Democratic.

This situation is today the greatest handicap to Mr. Hoover's chances in the South, a condition which may be counted upon to offset a considerable part of the disaffection which is said to exist toward Governor Smith. Many practical Republican leaders in the South do not even now want to see their States go Republican.

The Republican President—or Republican candidate—who finally cleans up this mess will be the benefactor, not merely of his party, but of his country. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a candidate, with all the limitations that are imposed upon him, will or can put a stop to the frying of malodorous fat. But there are signs not wholly unhopeful. Ben Davis, for instance, is no longer Republican National Committeeman from Georgia, though he is still secretary of the State Republican Committee.

George E. Chamberlain

THERE passed with the death of former Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, one of the tragic figures of our World War period—one of those who, having sat among the confidential advisers of Woodrow Wilson, finally had the outer door barred against them.

Senator Chamberlain was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs when the war came on. He was one of the leaders in putting through in record time President Wilson's remarkable program of war measures. No man in either house of Congress rendered more efficient service during that period.

Later on, Senator Chamberlain said in a speech in New York that "the War Department has ceased to function." He cited specific reasons for his belief. This came at a time when, as a fact, the War Department had fairly begun to function. There was never any explanation as to why Senator Chamberlain made the statement.

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seaboard who are big enough to satisfy the Tammany interests. These lawyers would declare the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional before a cat, even such a cat as the tiger cat, could wink her eye. Dry Democrats should not feel safe in the belief that the country is protected with a dry Congress."

This rejoinder brought from Governor Smith the following comment:

"I have said what I have to say; my position is clear; and as far as I am concerned, that is all there is to it.

Reed "Supports the Ticket"

SENATOR JAMES A. REED has had breakfast with Governor Smith and has promised to support the ticket.

"No need asking me that," he told reporters afterward. "Everybody knows I am going to do that."

He was asked for his opinion of Democratic prospects.

"We hope to win," he said. "I do not think the people of this country are ready to elect as President a man who has spent his entire adult life abroad and whose investments and interests are all in Great Britain. He was so close to Great Britain that he was offered the post of Minister of Munitions before this country entered the war. He was also offered a British title. He is a man who came to this country for no other purpose than to beat down farmers' prices, and he has accomplished his purpose."

This kind of talk will make votes, but it will not put them in the Democratic column. Any more of it, and Governor Smith and his friends may rightly ask Reed which ticket he is supporting.

Deuce!

LET the friends of Al Smith be not too fearful, however, of the consequences of Jim Reed's support. The Ku Klux Klan of Alabama seems bent on turning its Republican ballyhoo into good Democratic propaganda.

We quote from a despatch to the New York "World," describing a Birmingham rally at which Governor Smith was lynched in effigy.

"As the dummy was brought in the presiding officer cried, 'What shall we do with him?' There were loud cries of 'Lynch him!'

"A Klan official then cut the dummy's throat with a knife, at the same time pouring mercurochrome down the figure's chest to simulate blood. Revolver shots were fired into the dummy and, with a rope around the neck, it was dragged about the hall, many Klansmen taking advantage of the opportunity to kick the dummy heartily."

Such was the beginning of the Klan's campaign to put Alabama for the first time in the Republican column.

"Flops"

IT is several months since Daniel Laulicht has "flopped;" but he knows a lot about it, and how it pays, and how the profits are divided. So they let him out of jail for a few hours to talk about it.

First, you find a defective manhole or sidewalk; sometimes a cellar door will do. Then you proceed to the spot, accompanied by a friend. Then you "flop;" that is, you fall and make a noise like an injured man. Then the friend takes the names of witnesses. Then you go to a physician who will swear that the injury was real. Then you go to a lawyer who will sue for negligence. There is money in it for every one, barring the defendant.

Weed in the New York Evening World
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The unhappy warrior

Daniel Laulicht named Samuel Kopelton, an attorney, as one of his business associates. He also said he had brought negligence cases to Attorneys Charles D. Sprung, Fred Flatow, Morris H. Katz, Louis Tinkler, Harry Haberman, Moses Cohen, Abraham Gelman, Theodore Berger, Louis Katz, Maxwell Schenker, Morris D. Silverstein, and Joel Kirschner. Attorney Kirschner is in jail along with Daniel Laulicht; and for the same reason—automobile "flops."

Laulicht named as medical associates Drs. M. Ehrenberg, M. Waldinger, S. F. Braunfield, Leon Luria, and Philip M. Goldberg.

Insurance brokers are also helpful. Some properties are more heavily insured against accident than others. For five dollars some brokers will tell you which is which.

A really great member of the profession, Daniel Laulicht said, was his former associate, Irving Fuhr. Irving Fuhr specialized in vault-light, cellar-door, and manhole "flops." There were days when he would "flop" ten times, and every one of them turned into a case of negligence. Sometimes no more than two city blocks separated one "flop" from another.

This testimony of a professional "flopper" with its medico-legal aspects was given in New York City in the continuing investigation of ambulance chasing.

Paris Divorces

THE French have decided at last to give some attention to the methods by which matches made in America are unmade in Paris. The Ministry of Justice has approved a request for disciplinary action against Judge Grenet, vice-president of the so-called divorce court, seven French attorneys, a bailiff, and two clerks.

At the same time, it is promised, the records of every divorce granted during the past two years will be investigated; but while this may disclose plenty of evidence of unethical practices, divorced persons are told not to fear that their decrees will be declared void.

Whatever the outcome of the trials and investigations, it is believed that the divorce mill will not grind so swiftly again for those impetuous Americans.

The motive for this action is not apparent at the moment. The correspondent of the New York "Times" says it "comes to climax years of determined effort on the part of the French Ministry of Justice to put an end to abuses through which wealthy Americans have been exploiting the French courts as a quick and easy means of evading consequences, inconveniences, and delays of divorce laws in their own country."

What Kind of Conference?

BY his statement that, if elected President, he will immediately call a conference of agricultural leaders to assist him in preparing a definite program for farm relief Governor Smith has placed the agricultural question practically alongside the prohibition question as an issue in the campaign. It has been apparent for months that in very large sections of public thought these two things constitute the issues paramount. The Republicans, with mountains of precedent behind them, have pussy-footed both—farm relief by the record of the Administration, prohibition by the utterance of

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The Outlook

July 25, 1928

The World This Week

Dubious Compliments

THE leading editor of Emporia, Kansas, and the Governor of New York have been exchanging dubious compliments.

William Allen White began it by saying that Smith was a man of "unusual intelligence, splendid courage, and rare political wisdom," and then reviewed his record in such a way as to make him appear the champion of gambling, prostitution, and unrestricted sale of liquor.

Governor Smith retorted that the Emporia editor must have been reading the propaganda sheets of one Rev. O. R. Miller, a professional reformer whom Smith characterized as a "parasite who makes his living . . . by circularizing false information." White, he said, "has more brains and ought to know better" than to make such charges.

Mr. White's Charges

"THE whole Puritan civilization which has built a sturdy, orderly Nation is threatened by Smith."

"It is not that Governor Smith is a Catholic and wet," Mr. White explains, "which makes him an offense to the villagers and town dwellers, but because his record shows the kind of President he would make—a Tammany President. He is a man of unusual intelligence, splendid courage, and a rare political wisdom, yet he has a curious record. He has risen on that record to a place of great power, but chiefly by the aid of Tammanies, big or little, in great cities." In a review of that record, Mr. White said, according to the Associated Press despatch summarizing an address of his at Olathe, Kansas, that Governor Smith had voted ten times against allowing the people to vote on any sort of restriction on the sale of liquor, four times against stopping gambling and prostitution in connection with saloons, three times against repealing the law for keeping the saloons open on Sunday, four times in favor of removing zoning restrictions which would keep open saloons from churches and schools, and three times in favor of laws sponsored by organized gambling associations.

Governor Smith's Reply

WITH promptness and in evident anger, Governor Smith replied to these charges specifically: "Let's just take the worst thing he says: 'Four times in the Legislature Smith voted against stopping gambling and prostitution in connection with saloons.'

"What kind of a statement is that for a sane person to make? Was there ever any law in this State to let gambling and prostitution go on in a saloon? Was it ever necessary to adopt a bill to stop it?"

The Governor read: "Three times against repealing the law keeping the saloons open on Sunday," and he replied:

"There never was such a bill introduced in this Legislature. How many of you men who have been around here for years ever knew of such a bill of that kind?

"Now he talks about a bill to remove zoning restrictions which would keep open saloons some distance away from churches and schools. Here is the story of that: In 1911 the Court of Appeals handed down a decision which, in effect, said that if a saloon and a hotel with a liquor license established itself before a church was built and a church afterward came within 200 feet, that liquor license could not be renewed. That was never intended by the original drafters of the Raines Law. The effect of it would have been to close up the bar in the Hotel Astor, the Hotel Knickerbocker, and the Waldorf after the hotels had been built and in operation, provided somebody established a school or church within 200 feet of it. The Court of Appeals in its decision said the Legislature would have to correct it, that they could not have it in any other way, and the Legislature corrected it. That is the story of that."

Governor Smith then read the following from a memorandum: "Three times he voted for laws favored by organized gambling and refused to go on record as voting for a bill against bribing labor-union leaders."

Governor Smith then commented:

"I have no record or anything on it. It must be I was absent. But I understand it was some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago that it happened, and I have no recollection of it."

He ascribed these charges as having been disseminated by a Rev. O. R. Miller, whom he called, "a parasite living on the people of the State of New York by circularizing false information," and he called him "revered for nothing."

When reminded that these charges were made by William Allen White, the Democratic nominee answered, "He has more brains and ought to know better."

Mr. White's Rejoinder

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE denied that he had ever heard of the man Miller, and declared that he had got his information from New York newspapers. Moreover, Mr. White added: "Because Al Smith is smart, because he has brains, because he hates the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment he is dangerous. He will not wait for a dry Congress. . . . The undertakers are looking wistfully already at three members of the United States Supreme Court, and with Al Smith we should have in that Court as quickly as he could name them three of the most brilliant lawyers from the

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Homesickness

LAST winter a filling station on a road in Florida was robbed of $16. The man who committed the robbery got away, but those interested in seeing that fugitives do not escape finally made an arrest and locked up their prisoner.

For two months the accused man waited in a cell until he should be brought to trial. His guilt or innocence rested no longer with himself, but with a strange judge who was to decide, on uncertain evidence, whether this man was to continue to live in jail or go free. If he should be found guilty, these two unpleasant months would be credited on his prison term. If innocent—the prisoner could only shrug. For the law rarely apologizes.

At the end of those two months the trial was held. The evidence, as expected, was uncertain. The judge—well, the judge felt very doubtful about the whole business. Nevertheless he was there to do his duty. And it appeared to be his duty to send this man to prison for a year. Just the same he felt uncomfortable about it. And everybody went home.

Everybody went home except the prisoner. He went to another town, where he was to spend the next ten months in a jail he had never seen. Innocent or guilty, he was filled with despair at the thought of those ten months ahead. The two months behind him had taught him a great deal. But they had not yet taught him to submit to life or to accept injustice. He had still his gambling instinct left and a certain amount of courage. On the way to the new jail he saw his chance, and he took it.

Another two months, and the escaped prisoner found himself in New York. His escape from his guards on that train trip had been completely successful. So successful that here he was in a strange city, hundreds of miles from home, with no friends to confide in, no enemies to accuse him, and no place which he could call his own.

Behind him, worlds away, was all that meant life and happiness to him—his two parents, who were alive and loved him, and his small son. Day by day he began to realize that (innocent or guilty) he had condemned himself to a prison term that was unendurable. If he were ever able to see them again, he must go back. If he should go back, he would be recognized, disgraced, and sent to prison. He tried to argue it out. He tried to endure it. Until the other day, when he gave himself up at a New York police station.

"But what's the matter?" protested the detective to whom he surrendered. "You were getting away with it, weren't you? What's the idea?"

"Homesick," said the prisoner, briefly. "I want to go back South, even if it's to jail."

Puppies

FAR out West in the timber region lives a little boy of twelve. His favorite playmate is an old hunting dog belonging to his father, and his days are spent roaming the cold tall forests, with only this shaggy playmate for a companion. Towards the wild animals that might be lurking in the deep shadows the boy has the true hunter's instinct. He is curious and eager rather than frightened or foolhardy. But he is friendly as well. For he is filled with a great interest in the lives of these unknown creatures. How do they spend their days? Would they be friends with him if he could learn their habits?

The other day the small boy started out for the forests, with the old dog close at his heels. He might have been a youthful faun with a great wolf at his heels tracking an ancient world, so silently did he pad along through the tangled underbrush under those heavy shadows. Suddenly the old dog stiffened, the hair at her neck rose menacingly, and before the boy could turn she had bounded in front of him and off the trail. The boy followed at a swinging trot. The old dog would be after something worth seeing—something exciting was about to happen! There! She was barking.

Just ahead was the suspicion of a clearing, an old tree trunk fallen and rotting in the midst of it, and here stood the old dog, barking, not at the branches overhead, but into the very hollow of this heavy log.

The boy came closer, warily but with his heart beating high. What menacing yellow eyes might be peering out of that hidden darkness? He had scarcely time to wonder when something moved at the mouth of the log—something small and furry and frolicsome, something as unafraid of himself and the big dog as the boy was unafraid of the forest.

The old hunting dog stopped barking from sheer surprise. It was a long time since she had had any puppies, but this little fat-bellied playful creature might have been one of her own breed just arrived. Before she could decide what to do about it her young master with one swoop had gathered the tiny wolf puppy into his arms, holding it so close that his own heart and the little wild heart beat a tattoo on each other, and dropped in front of the log.

When he had made sure that there was no big one around, he called: "Are there any more of you in there?" There was a pause. The little wolf puppy tried to wriggle loose in its desire to play. The boy dropped his voice to more coaxing tones. "If there are any more of you," he wheedled, "come on out."

It took a long time, with the puppy teasing and tugging at him, but in the end another little nose pushed out from the security of darkness.

The old dog, with puzzled eyes and wrinkled nose, stood sentinel like a statue. And still the little boy with two puppies in his arms sent his coaxing voice into the black hollow of the log. Another nose pushed out, and then another. At last! Four little balls of fur tumbled over the ground like leaves in the sunlight.

But the old dog, who had been spellbound with astonishment, now turned her head and began to sniff uneasily at those unknown depths of forest.

The boy, too, had no taste for the danger that might be upon them any minute. Hastily gathering up the four small creatures, he snuggled them inside his shirt and started on a steady trot for home, the old dog once more at his heels.

Now those who pass by the house in front of which a little boy is playing with four puppies think that the old hunting dog watching near by has a fine batch of children. But the boy's father looks with apprehension at the happy little wolves romping with his son.

"It is all very well," says the father. "He feeds them now with a bottle and they are company. But later on they will be big. And a wolf—is a wolf."

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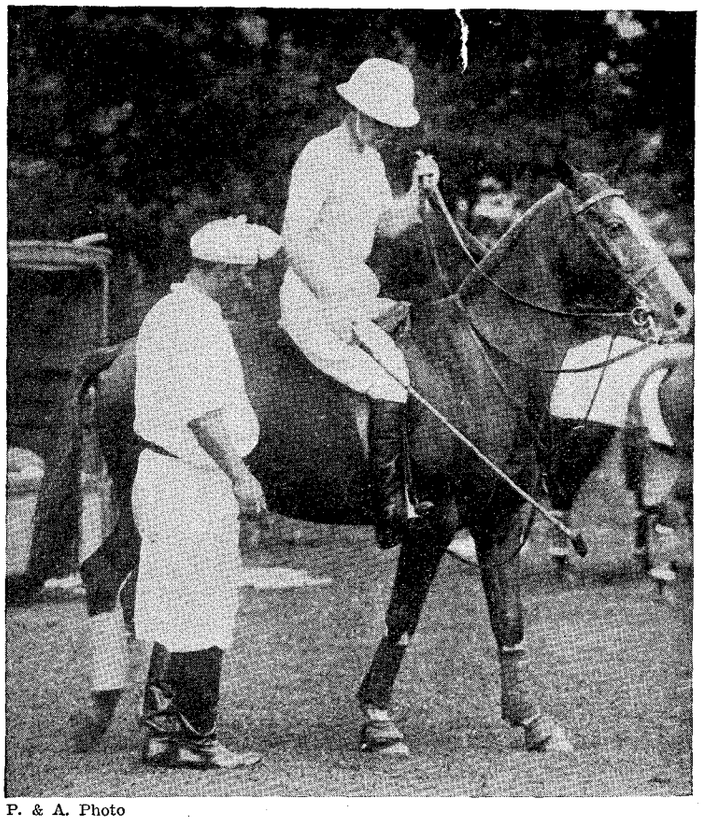

P. & A. Photo

Jack Nelson of the Argentine four and a native groom

of a single country. In their earlier invasions, when the Argentinians went after the Open Championship, which they once won, they were pitted against split-up American and Anglo-American fours, which will not be the case this time. This time America has promised to throw into action a new Big Four, the best team that can be put together, and officially or otherwise, for the championship of the world. England has been beaten off, and until the English are willing to play polo as the United States and the Argentines play it there will be no world's championship from the popular polo understanding. There will be the old championship between Hurlingham and the United States. This time, the winner is thoroughly entitled to claim the championship of the world along with the championship of the Two Americas—which is quite as it should be.

The team of American defenders is very much in the making, the team of the invaders is pretty well settled already, and something of a terror it is. It is perhaps necessary to explain that these Anglo-Argentines have been a little bit hurt by the unwillingness in times past to admit that a game with them was the real championship of the world. And it is therefore necessary to explain that, with the exception of Manuel Andrada, here two years ago as a regular and now a spare player, the men from Buenos Aires are really what are known as "Anglo-Argentines."

No season of polo is complete in the Argentine without the training of the mounts by the players themselves. Thus it is that of the nearly forty mounts brought up from South America practically all are trained by the players. They are sold at the close of the season, which is why the American Big Four—new style—will go into battle with something like fourteen mounts of Argentine breeding and training under them. The make-up of the visiting team this year is just a little different from that of two years ago. It probably will go into action with Lewis L. Lacey, ten goals, at back; John Miles, seven, at No. 3; J. D. Nelson, eight, at No. 2; and Arturo Kenny, the man who has never played on American fields, six goals, at No. 1. With the retirement of Milburn as an international Back, Lacey comes through as the world's greatest player in that position. Quite a contrast he is to Milburn. A wide-foreheaded, long-nosed slip of a man weighing only 145 pounds, he gets almost as long a ball as Milburn at his best, and can put on the same type of generalship. Not so long ago he played almost single-handed against the then American Big Four, with weakness in every position in front of him, and really managed to throw something of a scare from time to time into the American champions. He will go in again as Back for his third trip against America, this time in most congenial company, which means the best of bad news for the defenders.

As a substitute for him, and until he arrives from England to fit into the team, will be Manuel Andrada, partly Basque and partly native Indian, a square block of a man, a tremendous hitter, a fine horseman, and wielding the longest and heaviest mallet in the polo world, either here or abroad. Andrada is a picturesque player, probably the greatest heavyweight playing the game today—riding at well over 180 pounds. Yet he rides with that same free rein, the "neck rein," that marks the steering of all the Argentine players. He is one of the great pelota players of Buenos Aires, a game that develops tremendous power in wrist and forearm.

The rather light, and always jolly Jack Nelson, No. 2, head of all Argentine polo, is a familiar figure in this country, and a popular one. He and Lacey are the two real field generals of the team. Out at No. 1 will be a man, Arturo Kenny, new to North American polo, but an old favorite in England and on the Riviera. He played on that famous Argentine four at Paris that defeated by a single goal the team led by Tommy Hitchcock, who is today the American captain, the new head of the still nebulous Big Four. John Miles, although the lowest handicapped of all the invaders, is in the pivot, and therefore probably the vital, position. His brother, David Miles, created something of a sensation here years ago, and on that day met defeat in the first American appearance of the team against Orange County, at that time revolving splendidly around the late "Pat" Rumsey and Morgan Belmont. The latter, by the way, has never since turned in a game to approach that combat. There was inspiration in the first team that faced the men from Buenos Aires, and there had to be. And there will have to be inspiration this time, or the championship of the two Americas, and by inference that of the world, will go down below the equator.

Now just a word about the four-footed players that will carry these formidable invaders. They are just a bit bigger this year, just a little bit more "structure" in the shoulder. All but straight hocks, which means great push-off and speed, they have always had. This time there is a shade more power

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Boliando Avestruces

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

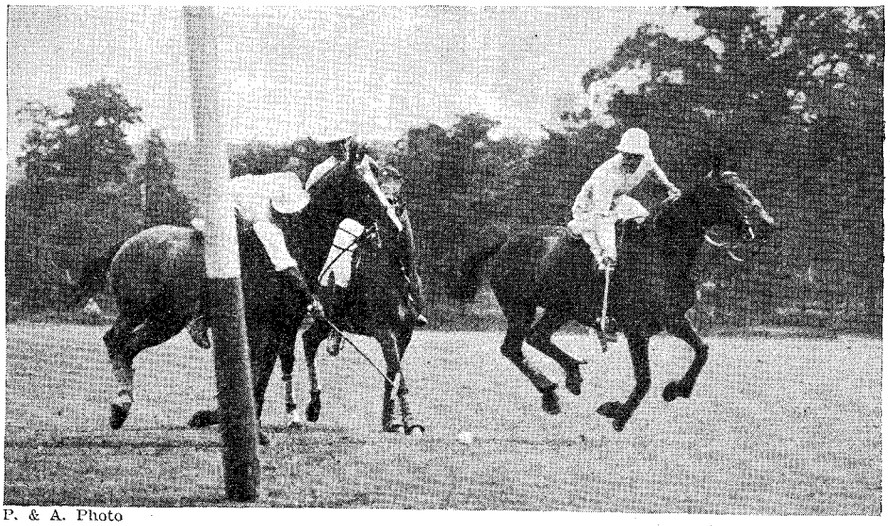
A SIMPLE, exciting, and rather exacting game—so far as horsemanship is concerned—this little South American chase of such ostriches as, contrary to custom, do not always stick their heads in the sand. Who would have thought that in the course of the years it would have put the polo supremacy of the United States in jeopardy? Yet that is just what the almost immediate post-cradle chase of the flopping birds by the natives and the Anglo-Argentines has done. I say "post-cradle" advisedly, since few of the men who are riding for the Argentine today can remember just at what stage of their existence they went into the saddle. But to return for the moment to the handling of the *boliandoras* (Spanish scholars will call it something else perhaps, but this nomenclature comes direct from Jack Nelson, the leader of the Argentine four, who has just arrived in New York to compete with us in September for the leadership of the two Americas). One takes three strings of reasonable length, hitches thereto three leaden balls, mounts a pony, and goes after the bird. Let go at the proper moment, the strings and leaden balls spread out and converge only upon the quarry to the latter's ultimate downfall. In the course of this pursuit the small riders have forgotten pretty much about the use of reins. In fact, their native grooms have already trained these steeds so that they can be handled most of the time by the twitch of a silken thread. That is why, by the way, that the Argentine ponies are sent to this country to be handled only by native grooms. The hands of the American or English groom are too "hard."

There is in the Argentine a temperate zone, and there is in Australia another temperate zone, which is why the polo mounts of the two sections are now in competition for the polo markets of the world, but ostrich-chasing seems to make a difference. It is not of record that the ponies of Australia are trained by men who have had infant experience in *boliando avestruces,* as they term the game of ostrich chasing.

I have wondered sometimes whether this childish hunt has had anything to do with the use of the "hanging" mallet by the Argentines, that sweet swinging attuned to the drumming of the hoofs that has made the rhythm of the Argentine polo play so popular in the United States. I have asked all the Argentines about it, and apparently that swinging mallet has been not at all a matter aforethought. It is there just the same, and it will be there in all the coming games—and it is a thing of beauty. Being a devotee of rhythm, I am for it, first, last, and all the time. Most of our own men ride to the ball with an upright mallet, but since they hit off the stirrups, with the exception of Watson Webb, it seems to make little difference. When the Argentines first came here, they were playing polo quite in our own fashion, with one exception. They were devoted in certain situations to the theory and, by the way, excellent practice of hitting the ball under their ponies' tails. But they suddenly discovered, in action, that the Americans were beating them to the ball by the simple process of hitting the ball under the pony's neck. At once they adopted the American method, and from that moment it was a question between the two nations of men and mounts rather than methods.

LOUIS E. STODDARD, Chairman of the United States Polo Association, and Jack Nelson, Chairman of the Argentine Association and leader of the present invading team, have arrived at the same conclusion, and that is, that the game itself is no better nor faster than the field on which it is played. While the Anglo-Argentines were chasing ostriches most of our American players were chasing something else. They were a little ahead of the South American game, since the battle had been practically all the time between Hurlingham and the "homing" English from India, and such teams as could be produced by Harry Payne Whitney and a devoted band that thought they could make use of fast fields *ad lib.,* and *could* do so. There was a parallel effort in many ways by the Argentines. These men play the game as our own Big Four—the membership of which will not be determined until August—play it where it lies. These men play it with the utter daring, terrific hitting, and the raucous generalship of Forrest's cavalry. There is no position on the field from which they do not expect to open the way to a score. The Argentine defense is turned into attack, as is our own, by a single tremendous stroke, and when it is remembered that an international polo pony covers the 300 yards between the two goal posts in close to twenty-four seconds, some idea of the pace of their play may be gained. All other things being equal, it is the team that thinks fastest at this game that wins.

All other things, however, are not quite equal. In the first place, the invaders are a shade the better horsemen at times, practically equally good hitters, considered as a team, and have in the field the full strength in men and mounts



P. & A. Photo

Left to right: John Miles, Jack Nelson, Skiddy von Stade

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attached to you, because I recognize and respect your ideals, because you are my constant support and my occasional inspiration, shall I refuse to see, much less mention, the soot upon your chin?"

It is because I believe in the Sunday school, because I do not want it to fail, because I recognize its power for good, that I want it improved. It holds in its hands immense possibilities; possibilities that are not realized; that could be, that must, be realized.

Now for the soot: *Is* there anything wrong with the Sunday school? I step boldly to the onslaught with my reply, for these Sunday debates that I hold with my children have supplied me with ammunition. Indeed, I am prepared to discuss the question both pro and con. I hear the affirmative. Week after week I answer for the negative. The objections I give are not my own; they are stray bullets, collected from the Sunday morning battlefield—the shots of my children, who range in age from sixteen to eight.

They say:

The services are dull.

The lessons are too elementary and too fragmentary to be interesting.

The talk about the Holy Spirit and the Holy Ghost is too indefinite. They can't understand what the Blessed Trinity means.

The Sunday school is too grasping. It is constantly urging and emphasizing money-giving, which is not only hard on the shabby ones who are in the school, but sounds avaricious.

The church workers are prying. They constantly question the children about the state of their souls.

The "made up" prayers seem artificial and insincere.

And strangest of all was the objection raised by my sixteen-year-old. She said the services often seemed sacrilegious to her. I asked her why. "Oh, it's those prayers—over meetings and collections and church suppers. I hate to hear them asking a blessing on a committee meeting where they are going to decide upon pink candles or red. They get too familiar with Him."

THE last time I went to Sunday school was less than a year ago, in a Middle-West town of a hundred thousand. I visited the primary room, where fifty children of six to eight were seated in small kindergarten chairs facing the superintendent. He was a genial man, who had somehow missed a chin in the making, and he conducted the following program:

Song.

Brief talk on spring, concluded by the question, "And what does the tulip say to you, Ruth?" The answer, supplied by the superintendent, was, "God made me."

An account of "where our pennies go." Questions furnished by superintendent; answers by children.

Contributions, to the accompaniment of a march and a song. Same repeated every week.

Prayer.

Lesson story, given by the superintendent.

Song.

Separation for class work.

Repetition of the lesson story by individual teachers.

Hand work. In this instance two printed texts, cut apart into single words, to be combined and pasted together again.

Distribution of story papers.

Song.

Looking about the room, I failed to see one child who seemed interested. They surveyed the walls; they tied their handkerchiefs into knots; they shuffled their feet. Several of the most restless spirits were summoned to chairs in the front of the room as a punishment for inattention. But there was nothing offered to hold an intelligent child. The wonder was that squirms were their only form of protest at the program.

The lesson was the story of Peter and Cornelius—of Peter's vision of the unclean food. It is one of the most powerful and dramatic narratives of the Bible; a wonderful lesson on the fellowship of man, on racial brotherhood and religious tolerance. I never hear the familiar story without a little thrill running up my spinal column at the eloquence and beauty of the words: "Stand up; I myself also am a man. . . . In every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." But I missed the thrill that day. For the lesson that was drawn was not one of love or tolerance or friendliness. It was upon giving money to send out missionaries—missionaries who should make the whole world like ourselves!

GENERALLY speaking, *this* is what is wrong with the Sunday school. The young people of today are moving toward democracy and tolerance and liberalism more rapidly than their churches. They are outdistancing the Sunday school in the feeling of brotherhood. But, specifically, there are other reforms that will have to be made if we are to keep our children in religious organization. We have been so interested in sending spiritual food overseas that we have failed to realize that our own children are not being properly nourished. The child of six is today three years older mentally than the six-year-old of the 'nineties, but we are still offering him the same pabulum. All that will have to be changed. We must raise our whole standard to fit his needs. We must use every modern method to keep his interest and awaken his spiritual consciousness. Nothing that will attain that end should be overlooked. He should be taught by the finest of music, the best of pictures, the most capable and inspired of instructors. The radio and the moving-picture machine must be enlisted to give him these things. We must put our best craftsmen to work, interpreting the Bible stories for him. What could not even a mediocre movie writer have done with that story of the vision of Peter? What a medium for picturing the miracles of Christ! For showing all those wonderful last days near the Sea of Galilee!

We must fit our teachings to modern problems. If our children are leaving us because we are too austere, then we must bring them back with cheerful things. We must not be afraid of joyousness in the church. We must make religion a lovely thing; a light ahead of us rather than a scourge behind us. If our methods of prayer seem insincere, we must remedy that, either by adopting a ritual or else by using the simplest and briefest of phrases. If our methods of raising tithes seem unworthy, we must emphasize our collections less; better to give up the penny and dime contributions than to seem avaricious. We must respect the spiritual reserve of the child; we may *invite* union with the church, but we have no right to urge the unwilling. And, above all, we must tread almost prayerfully the narrow path between the spiritual and the human world. If the younger generation feel ill at ease in the presence of the Holy Ghost and the Old Testament Jehovah, then it is for us to change our vocabulary. I say this in all reverence. What we want is for them to know their Lord. And if they feel more akin to the man soul than to the Divine Spirit, we must give them the one that they understand.

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Moth and Rust in the Sunday School

By
MARIAN HURD McNEELY

"The young people of today are moving toward democracy and tolerance and liberalism more rapidly than their churches." Religious education has failed to keep pace with the spirit of modern youth. Mrs. McNeely believes in Christian education and feels strongly that the churches are the greatest power for good. But she maintains that religious teaching methods will have to be remolded to fit modern problems if the young people of today are to be held.

OUR family debating society meets once a week. It convenes regularly on Sunday morning, while the chimes of the nearest church send out the invitation of love and fellowship:

Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant.

Week after week my children and I debate the same question, always preceded by the same introduction. It comes in the form of a query, sometimes annoyed, frequently rebellious, and always plaintive: "Do we *have* to go to Sunday school?"

I am a believer in Christian education. I know that our churches are the country's greatest power for good. I know that the youth of the world must keep that power running. I want my children to have all that religion can offer of faith, of inspiration, of spiritual comfort. I want them to know their Bible, both from a literary and a spiritual point of view. I do not want them to miss any teaching, any solace, or any uplift that Christianity can bring into their lives. I feel that, while I have no right to force their beliefs, neither must I let them lose anything that religion can give them. But I wonder, as I hear those chimes, and try to answer the weekly plaints, just why it is that my four are so recalcitrant. Why aren't *they* "faithful"? Why aren't *they* "joyful and triumphant" on Sunday morning, instead of creeping like the snail, unwillingly, to school?

I FIND that I am not alone in my problem. Other mothers, sometimes openly, more often under their breath, tell me the same thing. Their young people are not attending Sunday school voluntarily. Their going is unwilling; in many cases enforced. The Sunday service, which we accepted as an inevitable and necessary part of the weekly program, no longer holds our children. They are not interested; they are not inspired. They are frankly bored, and, with the modern directness that seems to us so brutal, they do not hesitate to say so.

I look back upon the methods by which they kept us in Sunday school thirty-five years ago: Prayers, often wearisome, and almost never inspired; hymns which our leaders did their best to make loud, cheery, and enthusiastic. Library books, which never opened wide, and were entitled "Christie's Endeavor" or "The Boy Who Did." A Sunday-school paper of high moral tone. A gold-fringed, blue-satin banner, swung from a walnut standard, for the class that had the largest weekly collection. An occasional visitor, usually of the missionary type, who invariably described the Sabbath school (he always spoke of it as Sabbath) in his home town. Our Scriptural teaching was always administered in the form of eight or ten Bible verses which never seemed to finish a story or to get us anywhere. And the questions which followed were not such as to awaken any wild interest in spiritual subjects:

Q. Who was Zacchæus?
A. The chief among the publicans.
Q. Where did he live?
A. In Jericho.
Q. When Jesus passed through Jericho why did Zacchæus not see him?
A. Because he was small of stature.
Q. How did Zacchæus overcome this?
A. He climbed a tree.

And then the moral—*always* the moral: What may we learn from this lesson?

And yet that program held us, week in and week out, for years and years. Big boys of seventeen, eighteen, even twenty-one, were regular attendants. There was always a young ladies' class. Every year several members of the school received a book, "presented for constant attendance" during the fifty-two weeks. There was a promise held out to the school that any one who rounded out ten years of constant attendance would receive a gold watch. And, lo and behold, one day a girl *did* "round it out"! She didn't get the watch, but she did get a flowering plant and a fountain pen, which, as the superintendent dealt in office supplies, and not jewelry, was far more fitting.

Someway, that Sunday school held us. I can't recall a single sensation of religious fervor or of spiritual uplift in the eleven years of my attendance. I can't remember ever having much or any interest in the proceedings. I was often bored. But I never remember objecting to going to the service, and I know that my brothers and I did not debate the question with my mother, week after week. The Sunday school was there, everybody went, and we accepted it.

But that was the age of the horse. This is the age of the motor car, and the young people have caught the right-of-way fever. Everything must be questioned, debated, examined for flaws. No factory inspector is more relentless in his scrutiny than the boy and girl of fifteen to eighteen. They recognize "seconds" at a glance, and the discards never go back into good stock. There is no use in debating why this is so, or whether the critical attitude is better or worse than the easy acquiescence of the 'nineties. What is left for *us* to do is to look over our stock ourselves, see if the flaws are there, decide whether we are offering substitutes for the real thing, and, above all, be honest with ourselves and our young people in the decision.

THE Best Man in the World, to whom I occasionally turn for advice, cautioned me against this article. "Don't criticise a good thing," he said.

"Why not?" said I. "Because I am

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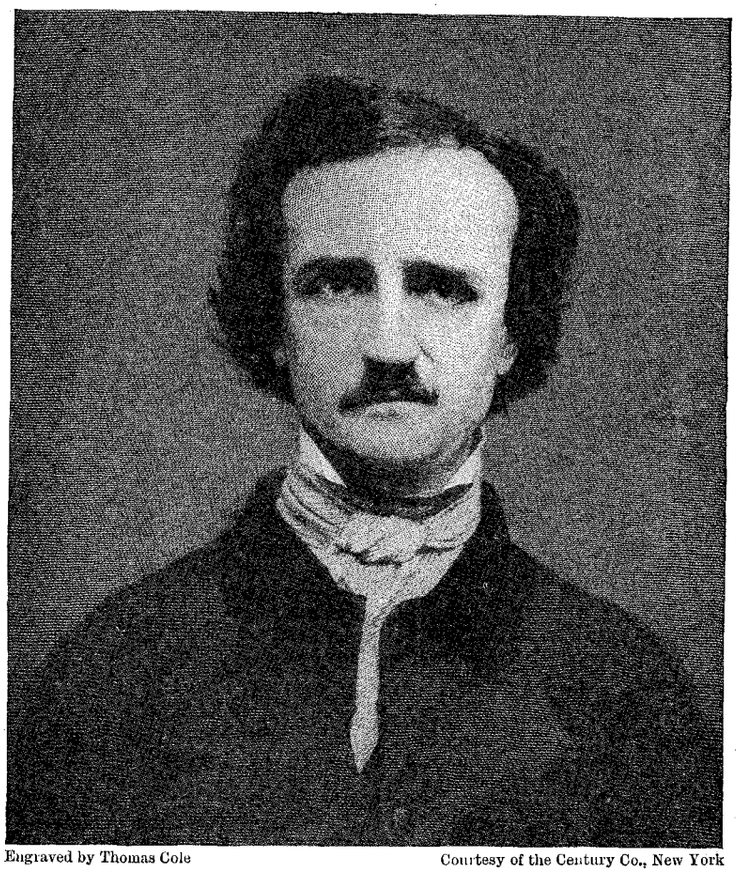

Engraved by Thomas Cole — Courtesy of the Century Co., New York

Edgar Allan Poe

whether it stood on a hilltop or in a valley; we could never recognize this abbey from a photograph or point to its location on a map. A passage like this evokes a definite type of emotion, but evokes it not so much by the sense of the words as by their sound, and especially by their slow, monotonous, melancholy rhythm. Most of our great writers have had a visual style—one which depends on their choice of images. Poe's style is almost purely auditive.

More serious than his lack of visual images is a fault which has sometimes been described as theatricality. Like a good playwright, he aimed at creating effects, and I am not sure that this is a mistaken aim. He regarded a poem as a machine for producing emotions, and perhaps this is a satisfactory definition; certainly it has been accepted by such a talented poet as M. Paul Valéry. However, Poe was sometimes guilty of constructing his emotive machine with shoddy materials, and sometimes, in his eagerness to affect his readers, he adopted the methods of a charlatan. Charles Baudelaire has defended this feature of his writings, remarking that "a little charlatanism is always permitted to genius; in fact, it is not unbecoming; it is like rouge on the cheeks of a naturally beautiful woman." There is truth in Baudelaire's statement, and yet we cannot help regretting that Poe, who was capable of such magnificent artifices, was also capable of descending to mere tricks.

At the end we are forced into a rather paradoxical position. We have admitted that Poe's character was full of flaws, and that in his later years he was partially insane. We have admitted that his materials were sometimes shoddy, that he was often a prejudiced critic, that he could not create characters, that he lacked the power of visualization, and yet we claim that in spite of these faults he was probably the most important American man of letters. Moreover, we are left at a disadvantage because our judgment is largely based on facts or opinions which are not susceptible of proof. How can we *prove* that "Ligeia" is a great story; that "The City in the Sea" and "To One in Paradise" are great poems? How can we prove, even, that Poe had a great style? Critics have been arguing these points for nearly a century without reaching any final decision. Are there any elements of Poe's work on which both his admirers and his enemies can agree?

I think we can agree that, in spite of his narrow emotional range, he had an exceptionally wide range of intellectual interests. It is true that some critics have advanced the opposite opinion, but surely they must have been unfamiliar with a very large portion of his writings, many of which have been unjustly neglected. By reading such unfamiliar works as his "Marginalia," his occasional essays, "Eureka," and "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" we are given a strangely different impression of his genius. We learn that, besides his wide acquaintanceship with literature, he was interested in music, painting, architecture, and the theatre; that he sought to apply his knowledge of history, exploration, and mathematics; that he held original views on landscape gardening and interior decoration; that he tried to keep in touch with scientific discoveries, especially in physics, meteorology, psychology, and astronomy; that he was not only one of the first American writers to state the opposition between science and poetry, but also the very first to reconcile these hostile departments of the modern mind. He was the enemy of inordinate specialization, that vice of the nineteenth century which threatens to persist in the twentieth. Once he defined the highest genius as "the result of a generally large mental power existing in a state of absolute proportion." That Poe's mental power existed in such a state we are privileged to doubt, but we are forced to agree that it was abnormally large and unusually generalized.

We can also agree that his influence was extremely important. There is no yardstick by which to measure genius, but there are a number of approximate standards, and of these a writer's influence is perhaps the least inaccurate. It is true that the effect of a few great writers has been less than that of a few minor talents, but these are merely exceptions to a rule which generally applies. Now there is hardly a question that Poe's effect on literature—not only in America, but in England and on the Continent—has been greater than that of any other American author. In this respect only Whitman and Emerson can compare with him, and then only at a distance. They have affected certain types of men, whereas the influence of Poe can be traced in writings of almost every category.

To begin with literature of a rather inferior order, this influence can be

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incessantly kindled and incessantly quenched. He seems to have shown early indications of that system of interrelated disturbances to which different psychologists have given different names: "inferiority complex," "castration complex," and "mother fixation" are probably the most familiar of these terms. At the same time he was a healthy and extremely talented boy—"indeed, a leader among his playmates," as both enemies and friends have testified. It was in early manhood that his physical and moral constitution began rather suddenly to degenerate. He is thought to have taken laudanum, though not in very large quantities. His drinking began to be noticed, as did his moodiness and lack of dependability. Meanwhile, all his troubles were being emphasized by his living conditions—by financial worries, by insufficient food, and, let us not forget, by the emotional strain of producing masterpieces. There were intervals toward the end of his life when strange symptoms appeared—visions of white-robed figures in the night, delusions of insane grandeur, struggles against "a fearful conspiracy that threatened his existence."

Such are the facts revealed by modern research. Now, a school of psychological critics have interpreted his work in the light of these facts, using an imposing number of scientific names. They have called him a paranoiac, a drug addict, and a pathological liar; they have announced that he suffered simultaneously from persecution mania, heart lesion, psychological impotence, dipsomania, claustrophobia, and a brain clot. By these maladies they have explained, not only his life, but everything he wrote. They contend that dipsomania, impotence, and paranoia were inherent in his genius, were part of his poetry, were conditions without which his work could never have existed.

In a way these psychological critics have disproved their own contention by proving too much; they have proved, in effect, that Poe's mind was too deeply affected for him ever to have written a coherent page. It is true that not all these critics are so extreme in their views. However, even when their method is applied with moderation, it is not the highest type of criticism. It is confined to the psychological *causes* of literary works, whereas the more important function of criticism is first to study, and then to judge, their psychological *effects*. The causal critics have no real standards of judgment.

Let us suppose that they are called upon to criticise a pearl. After weeks of reading, and perhaps after months of research, they will report that pearls are the calcareous excretions with which certain mollusks surround the dead body of a parasite within their shells. They will report that shells irregular in shape, stunted in growth, bearing excrescences, or honeycombed by boring parasites are those most likely to contain pearls. They will announce, in other words, that pearls are the result of an unhealthy irritation, and perhaps they will imply that all beautiful objects are similarly caused. Here ends their criticism of the pearl; they will have disregarded its symmetry, its luster, its color, its texture, and all the elements which give effect to its beauty. Now the causal critics have proceeded in much the same manner when studying the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Having applied their stethoscopes to a great writer; having determined his basic metabolism, subjected him to Binet tests, and probed into his dreams, they report that his genius was morbid —and, furthermore, they imply that genius in general is the result of a pathological condition.

This implication, however, is partly based on a misunderstanding of the word "genius." In reality, it has two very different meanings. It is used to indicate transcendent ability, and also to indicate the direction taken by that ability. When we say that Poe "had genius," we are employing the word in its primary sense. When we say, however, that Poe "had a genius for the grotesque," we mean simply that he had a *bent*, a decided inclination, for effects of that character. Now the bent of Poe's genius was certainly influenced by his physical and psychical infirmities, but his *genius*, in the strict sense, was produced by more complicated forces which can probably never be determined.

There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that these infirmities thwarted his genius by preventing its fullest expression. Most certainly they narrowed his range of emotions. Most certainly they prevented his taking an interest in the world of living creatures, and thus led to the partly justified charge that he created no real characters. Moreover, his physical weakness was certainly one of the reasons for which he was unable to concentrate for those longer periods necessary to produce a novel or a drama.

There is one respect, however, in which his psychical maladjustments might be said to have encouraged his genius. They gave him a motive for its employment. As compensation for his feeling of social inferiority, he developed the bitter ambition to become powerful and successful, to grow famous. "I love fame," he might have said with the hero of one of his stories. "I dote on it—I idolize it—I would drink to the very dregs the glorious intoxication; I would have incense arise in my honor from every hill and hamlet, from every city on the earth." And the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, his biographer and most contemptible enemy, had a sudden intuition of the truth about Poe when he wrote:

"He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is commonly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

Just as the virtues of the king may be the vices of the man, it is sometimes possible for vices of character to become literary virtues. I submit that the wish for artistic success, when carried to such purity and intensity as in the case of Poe, is, from the literary point of view, not entirely vicious.

Most of Poe's real faults as a writer have been described so often and in such detail that I scarcely feel obliged to enlarge upon them here. It is known that he had a limited number of effects; that he lacked humor; that he was unable to transcribe the real world or to create living characters. It is also known that he pretended to a false learning and was occasionally dishonest as a critic. However, one of his serious faults has rarely been mentioned. It consists in his lack of visualization; in his inability to *see*, or to make the reader see, the background of his stories.

I might illustrate by quoting a passage at random, and by italicizing all the descriptive words. Here, for example, is a sentence describing the ruined abbey which was the scene of Ligeia's resurrection: "The *gloomy* and *dreary grandeur* of the building, the *almost savage* aspect of the domain, the *many melancholy* and *time-honored memories* connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of *utter abandonment* which had driven me into that *remote* and *unsocial* region of the country."

The reader will immediately observe that none of these words gives a definite picture of the scene; without exception, they are vague and indeterminate. They do not tell us the plan, the material, or the color of the building; we cannot say

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The Edgar Allan Poe Tradition

By MALCOLM COWLEY

This is the first of several critical papers which The Outlook expects to print this summer—revaluations, by contemporary critics, of the work of the great figures of America's literary past. Malcolm Cowley, who writes on Poe, is one of the most brilliant of our younger critics, and is himself a writer of distinction and originality. He is particularly well equipped to discuss Poe, both as an eccentric personality and as a great genius, and to solve some of the mysteries which surrounded Poe in life and which have clung about his fame. Poe's influence upon writers has been perhaps greater than that of any other American author. Malcolm Cowley's familiarity with French as well as English literature enables him to estimate it justly.

IN the seventy-nine years which have passed since the death of Edgar Allan Poe a great store of anecdotes has been collected, a great many researches have been made, but nothing has been definitely settled; the Poe mystery remains as deep as ever. We can even say that there are several Poe mysteries. There is, first, the psychological problem of how a brilliant, superbly competent youth was transformed into a vacillating, querulous, and sometimes demented man. There is the deeper problem of how this paranoiac—to borrow the language of his critics—was able to produce stories, poems, and essays which have influenced whole generations of European and American writers. Finally, there is the mystery of how, in his own country, this international figure has come to be so curiously misjudged.

For it now seems certain that Poe has been misjudged—not by the public, which has always been favorable, and not by the poets, who have usually been willing to acknowledge their debt to his work, but by professors of literature, moral philosophers, and critics in general. Of the last, a great number have dismissed his tales as adolescent fancies; others have called his poems mere jingles; still others have denied the value of his critical work. Like carrion birds, they have gathered round his carcass, choosing each a portion for attack, and leaving nothing but his bleached gigantic bones to be studied and reconstructed like those of some palæozoic monster.

This strange hostility, which has persisted for many complicated reasons, was originally based on the social and sectional prejudice of the years before the Civil War. The leading writers of that period were New Yorkers or New Englanders; in either case they were respectable; and a Southerner, especially a Southerner without means or family, had little chance of being received by them. Normally, they would have ignored him, but Poe's bitter attacks on the literati turned most of them into enemies, and they continued to revenge themselves for decades after his death.

Today, when much of this hostility has died away, Poe's work has begun to suffer for other reasons. Its popularity, especially with younger readers, has prejudiced the critics, who are always somewhat unwilling to admit that the public is right, and are still less willing to admit that they themselves were right at fourteen and perhaps mistaken at forty. Besides, literary fashions have changed since the death of Poe, and books are no longer judged by the same standards. In 1833, when a prize was awarded to "The MS. Found in a Bottle," the judges announced that the story was distinguished "by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and a varied and curious learning." The prize-winning stories of 1928 need possess none of these qualities; instead, they must be "penetrating, vivid, true," and perhaps even "photographically exact." Imagination being neglected, along with style, learning, and invention, the author tends to become a sort of reproducing or duplicating machine.

"And this popular idea of his function," I wrote last year in reviewing Mr. Hervey Allen's excellent life of Poe, "is supported by the many critics—some of them extremely able—who approach literature from the standpoint of sociology. They are seeking for 'significant' work—significant, that is, of something else than the author's talent for writing. Whitman was significant, since his poems were derived from strictly American sources, and can be used as a criticism of American life. Mr. Sandburg is significant. But Poe. . . . The critics read hastily, and are repelled by this spectacle of a 'wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination' which feeds on itself, is derived apparently from nothing, and can be applied to nothing outside the world of letters."

However, our chief reason for underestimating Poe's talent does not lie in his popularity, nor in his imaginative power, nor in his lack of social significance; it lies in the circumstances of his career. We like our heroes to be all of a piece; we prefer our geniuses to be men whom we can unreservedly admire. Poe's faults have been so vigorously advertised that many critics cannot refrain from tracing, or attempting to trace, the vices of the man in everything he wrote. "Poe," said President Hadley, of Yale, speaking with all the weight of his pedagogical experience, with all the dignity of his place on the Committee of Selection for the Hall of Fame—"Poe wrote like a drunkard and a man who is not accustomed to paying his debts."

And there was no Lincoln present to suggest that other American writers be given a keg of the same whisky.

IT was known before he died that Poe was a drunkard. It was also known that he was something of a genius, that he often lacked food, and that he owed small sums to several editors. Beyond this, his contemporaries had learned surprisingly little. However, gossip had led them to believe that he had proved ungrateful to his guardian, that he was expelled from the University of Virginia for dissolute conduct, and that he had been unfaithful to his wife. Modern research has proved that this gossip was untrue. It has also proved that Poe's career was far more tragic than any of his contemporaries imagined. Finally, in attempting to solve the various Poe mysteries, it has found that he suffered from an almost unparalleled collection of mental, physical, and environmental troubles and infirmities.

Of these, bad heredity was only the first. His mother and his only brother died of consumption; his sister was of subnormal mentality, and his branch of the family suffered from an alcoholic taint. His environment also was bad, for as the ward of a canting, lecherous, purse-proud merchant his pride was

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Youth and Love

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

The younger generation is hardly a new subject. But it is refreshing to find the question of love in the jazz age discussed so sympathetically.

Claude Bragdon is an architect and a writer on architectural and theosophical subjects. He is also interested in the theatre.

IN the Middle Ages, by reason of the worship of the Virgin, knight-errantry, courts of love, the *romans* of story-tellers, and the lyrics of troubadours, love assumed a complexion which persisted long after these things fell into desuetude and were forgotten, with the result that today "romantic" love tinctures the relation between men and women to such an extent that it is difficult for us to realize that this phase of love is not universal throughout the world, that it had a historical beginning in time, and that it must inevitably be superseded by some new and different phase.

Even now, with the younger generation here in America, the love of the sexes is no longer romantic—at least in the manner of mid-Victorian sentimentality. This change has come about by reason of the altered status of woman, her "sterilization," her new social, political, and economic freedom, the weakening hold of conventional religion, and the loosening of conventional morality.

"Mankind," says Stevenson, "lives principally by catchwords," and the emergence of the term "companionate marriage" is significant in this connection, for, though it fails to define the changed relation between the sexes, it fixes with a word one attribute of that relation which differentiates it from romantic love—*com, panis,* the sharing of one another's spiritual bread. To romantic love this was never altogether essential, for it is concerned less with the discovery of identities than of differences. Although the very root of the love of the sexes, and the chief source of its enthrallment, dwells in the unique, profound, and unalterable differences—physical, mental, psychic—between man and woman, modern love takes these more or less for granted, and tries to bridge these chasms of misunderstanding by understanding, while romantic love insists upon, exaggerates, and cherishes these differences. It feeds on glamour and enchantment, prefers moonlight to sunlight, is intrigued by intrigue, fares best on forbidden fruit, and finds stolen sweets the sweetest. The younger generation of lovers, on the other hand, impatient of mysteries, abolishing the curfew, the chaperon, the veil, the fan, are all for exploration and experiment; there is nothing they would not incur, experience, and try to understand. They would participate in one another's mental and emotional experiences, ravish one another's consciousness—for love in its initial stages is largely curiosity. In the dim Victorian limbo this curiosity was aborted and a merit made of the abortion, but today it is far otherwise, as every one knows, and as changed social usages, dress, manners, deportment, eloquently attest.

Love is today more free, more frank, more pagan, more nourished by the live sap of the senses, but though more sensuous, perhaps less sensual—less lustful, at any rate, because less associated with ideas of secrecy, sin, and shame. Young people no longer see reason to deny themselves contacts, familiarities, juxtapositions which used not to be permitted; they take frank joy in bathing, so to speak, in one another's auras, sunning themselves in sex.

BUT, instead of speaking about them or for them, let them speak for and about themselves. The following quotation is from an article published in an undergraduate paper in a Western coeducational college. It is entitled "In Defense of Necking," and, though written in a frankly humorous, exaggerated, and satirical vein, it has an undercurrent of earnestness and conviction, and evidently voices more than an individual opinion.

> One of our noblest customs is being viciously attacked by Prudes and Roundheads. The recent Anti-Necking Acts, we believe, have greatly endangered the moral and æsthetic welfare of the student body.
>
> Petting parties, as F. Scott Fitzgerald has remarked somewhere, offer a good channel for the sublimation of sexual impulses. It is unfortunate, and perhaps unspeakable, that people have sexual impulses, but the fact remains nevertheless that they do.
>
> Necking in itself has already lowered—and if properly encouraged would still further decrease greatly—the amount of vice among college men. Twenty or thirty years ago, so some of the boys of that time tell us, it was quite regular and ordinary for a large number of college men to visit the "tenderloin" districts, with of course terrible results. Some fraternities even maintained private institutions of this nature. This was in the pre-Necking era. The cloistered students had no contact with decent women, and so they used such means as were at their disposal. But with the advent of the petting party that has been largely changed. The sheik goes out and paws over vicariously comparatively respectable co-eds three or four evenings a week, and returns to his dormitory weary, but safely sublimated.
>
> Yet, although necking is a highly pro-moral activity, and hence should be fostered, certain refinements are needed in its technique. Moralizing and legislation have placed the stigma —and hence the attraction—primarily on the physical, *i. e.,* the tactual, aspect of petting parties. Their æsthetic and artistic possibilities have consequently been left unnoticed. Rebellious youth, in the exhilaration of *shishing* (a good Russian word for thumbing the nose, which should come into general use) the authorities, hence absorbs itself brutishly in these forbidden tactual pleasures. Love, as even the preachers have been fond of telling us, has been the source of the greatest inspiration down the ages.
>
> Now petting parties represent the crude, inchoate beginnings made by American youth to break away from this prevalent conception of erotion as merely a mechanism of propagation, or as a brute, delightful sin. Some delicate-spirited boys and girls have already developed Necking into a Fine Art.
>
> The Art, however, at present has its limitations. Necking must be done furtively in the back seat of a broken-down Ford, or in some uncomfortable cranny of a stone wall, and in the dark. And in the dark, as Jurgen remarks, "almost anything is rather more than likely to happen." These, to say the least, are not conditions favorable to the nourishment of any Art.

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Queer People

A Personal Letter About Two Jews and Three States

By DIXON MERRITT

WE Southerners are a queer breed, and it is small wonder that we have always been misunderstood. Doubtless we always shall be. Perhaps we deserve to be. We differ among ourselves as widely and as violently as any people on earth. Yet on certain things, which may or may not be essentials, we seem instinctively to agree, and that without regard to kith, kin, or caste. Aristocrats we may be, or poor white trash; Nordic or Semite; home stayers or wanderers; but we are Southerners.

On the train between Cleveland and St. Louis as I went to Houston, I fell into smoking-room conversation with a gentleman. He was a New Yorker and a Jew, one of a firm of specialty manufacturers. But he was of what we call the Old Southern Jews, brought up at Montgomery, Alabama.

"You are going down to Houston," he said, "to help nominate Al Smith. I'm sorry. I'm wet—wringing wet. I think prohibition is the worst thing that ever happened to this country. As a Jew, I suppose I have some religious prejudice—equally, though, against Catholic and Protestant. But I just don't think Al Smith is the kind of man to be President of the United States, and I am not going to vote for him. I've never voted anything but a Democratic ticket, and it will go hard with me to mark a Republican one, but I've got to do it."

I have been North a good deal. My innate sense of the Southern grows weak. "Here," I thought, "speaks the manufacturer wanting protection." And I said good-night and went to bed.

My new acquaintance was waiting for me on the platform next morning. "You've got to wait here five or six hours," he said, "and it's hot. Better come up to my room and take a bath and lounge around."

I went.

Rather to my friend's surprise, his partner had come on from New York to help him work the St. Louis trade, that being the heavy distributing point for the transmississippi. He was a rotund Jew of German extraction. And ready to talk politics instantly.

"I'm a Republican," he announced; "always have been, and always will be. But Al Smith gets my vote this time."

My friend of the train took his head out of the wash-basin and, speaking through a quarter-inch of lather, said: "Your vote will not count, Moe; I'll kill it."

Moe's position is explicable. The other Jew's isn't. He is Southern.

For sixty years and more the Southern man who dared openly to vote or talk Republican incurred political death, even social ostracism in many localities. Nobody outside the South—perhaps nobody in the South—could quite understand that situation. Now suddenly something like half of the vocal Democrats of the South talk openly of voting the Republican ticket. And everybody seems to accept it as a matter of fact and of course. Certainly nobody outside the South—and I am reasonably sure nobody in the South either—completely understands the reason for that attitude, or change of attitude.

Just before I left Houston, after the Convention was well over, I talked with one of the most influential leaders of the Mississippi Democracy. "We are going to have hell," he said, "but if we are let alone, permitted to handle the situation in our own way, I think we can bring the party safely through it."

I eased along through southern Mississippi, by Gulfport and Biloxi, where little shrimps and water hyacinths bloom, trying to find what the gentleman meant by the short and sulphurous word. That is the Catholic end of the State, near the heart of the old French civilization of the Gulf coast. I checked four pages of the telephone directory. Forty-seven per cent of the names are French, Spanish, or of other uncertain Latin derivation. But men who say that they are going to vote for Hoover are to be found on every street corner. Finding that to be true, and remembering what the "red-neck" communities up State are like, I was convinced that the Mississippi Democrat back in Houston was well advised in his choice of a word.

In New Orleans the chum of my callow days introduced me to river shrimps and "buster" crabs. He is a Republican born and perhaps not to be trusted politically. But he is the head in that region of one of the biggest of American corporations, the Mister Fixit of complicated public relations, and as an observer of men's moods quite expert. He said: "Most of the Catholic Democrats say they are going to elect Smith by the biggest majority any candidate ever received. Most of the others say that he cannot be elected, many of them that he will lose Louisiana, and a large percentage of them that they will vote against him. That applies, not merely to New Orleans, but to Louisiana and the Gulf coast generally."

I talked with enough other people to find that my old friend had a pretty solid basis for what he said. But something like half of the Louisiana Democrats are angry just now because they had a delegation "put over" on them. They did not particularly object to the delegation, but they did quite particularly object to the manner in which it was chosen. Then, too, Louisiana has for forty years been a Republican State in everything except the habit of voting the Democratic ticket. Louisiana sugar has long been the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Democratic tariffs. Finally, flood relief gave Herbert Hoover a standing that no other Republican candidate has ever had in Louisiana. It would not be unnatural if many Louisianians should now drop the Democratic mask.

Through Alabama I rode on the slowest of slow trains, from Mobile among the bayous to Athens in the lap-over of the Tennessee blue-grass. It was the Fourth of July, and parties were getting on at one little station and off for a picnic at the next.

Alabamans talk just about as they did last October—to the effect that twenty per cent of Democrats will vote for Hoover, that forty per cent will stay at home, but that the remaining forty per cent will be sufficient to carry the State by a narrow margin.

All of this is queer, but it is queerer still that all of the talking is done by a small minority of the people one meets, and even that small minority is not in

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label: "Lincoln Was True to His Country. We Are True to Our Trade." In the prison-made shirts "Roomy Richard," "Dixie Dan," and "Bigcey" the Worthy Company has this label stitched: "Worthy of the Workers." Another company, operating in the Newcastle Workhouse in Wilmington, Delaware, used to have this admirable legend stitched into the trousers turned out there: "Honestly Made, Truthfully Labeled, Honest Value."

If the prisoner retains his reason unimpaired through the monotonous years in which he makes precisely the same motions with his fingers hour after hour and day after day, he may find an ample field for philosophy opened to him through the thought that the State itself, through its acquiescence in this economically false system of industry, is a party to the deception practiced on the public.

This practice of implying that the jobber who handles the prison-made garments is the manufacturer, is defended by Mr. Goodman. As he sees it, there is no question of ethics involved; it is all a matter of business. If the customer demands a certain label on his goods, why, demands Mr. Goodman, shouldn't he have it? A label more or less makes no difference in the quality of the goods.

"Why," demands Mr. Goodman in a written reply to a question about the labels on prison-made goods, "why wouldn't we put on the ticket what the customer requests—whether it be 'Fort Brand,' 'Tailor Made,' 'Red Man,' or anything else? What difference does it make whether the goods are made in an institution or outside, and they furnish the ticket they want? We will put on anybody's ticket, unless they say 'Union Made' or 'Clasped Hands' to indicate it is a union proposition."

Mr. Goodman has firm grounds for his convictions. A few years ago he grew tired of selling his prison products surreptitiously and resolved to make a bold dash for the open market. He came out with the "Big Yank" shirt, a good, stout work garment at an attractive price. It was just after the war, when a shirt with a name like that was bound to make a hit. The Reliance Company, newly divorced from direct contact with prison labor, and now a free-labor firm, undertook the distribution. "Big Yank" was lavishly advertised in the most respectable magazines; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. put full-page ads in the daily papers. "Big Yank" became the vogue of the whole country. Jobbers and dealers knew it was a prison product, but the public didn't. Jobbers and dealers didn't care. The shirt was selling, and that was the big thing. The reaction soon set in. Free manufacturers began to inform the public. "Big Yank" sales dropped to zero. Goodman saved the day by putting it into his free factories, and now he offers $1,000 for proof that "Big Yank" is made in prison.

The repugnance inspired in the buying public by the knowledge that goods are prison-made is really the only handicap under which the prison-labor contractor does business, although he complains bitterly of the inefficiency of his labor and of the terms of his contract which compel him to accept every workman offered by the warden and to keep his workers employed regardless of the state of the market.

On these latter grounds, however, he could bewail his lot honestly if he were competing only with other prison contractors, instead of with manufacturers employing free labor.

It is true, in spite of a general assumption to the contrary by opponents of the contract system, that prison labor is less efficient, hour for hour, than free labor. Under the most favorable conditions, the convict worker may be sixty per cent efficient, though his efficiency is more likely to be less than fifty per cent. The contractor regards this as an actual loss to him, although it obviously is only a comparative loss, for if he is paying from 40 cents to a dollar a day for prison labor his margin of saving on labor cost is more than sufficient to cover him, so far as free-shop competition is concerned. So far as his prison-contractor competitors are concerned, they labor under about the same disadvantage. As a matter of fact, most prisoners work according to the piece-work system and the contractor pays only for what they turn out, so his loss from the inefficiency of his labor is a loss only as compared to the quantity of completed goods he might receive if his workers were one hundred per cent efficient.

As to his complaint that he has to keep the shop working, even at a loss, it is true that his contract calls for continued labor, no matter what market conditions may be, but it is extremely doubtful if he ever sells at a loss. Market conditions are the same for all, and he can well afford to undersell his free-shop competitors, having no labor problem, an exceedingly small labor turnover, and little overhead. It is true also that he has to take every worker sent him by the warden, but most prisoners are able-bodied, and such as are not are put on maintenance work.

The State, determined that its convicts shall be kept too busy to plot, sees to it that the contractor runs small risk of loss. Idaho equipped its prison with a factory at a cost of $18,433, and at the earnest solicitation of the State the Far West Manufacturing Company undertook to run it. During the first fourteen months of operation the State expended $50,283.24 for the maintenance of the 170 workers and received from the contractor $20,583.96. There was a loss, but it was not borne by the Far West Manufacturing Company.

So certain and so generous were the profits that, in the old days, at least, the competition among bidders reached a point where the payment of bonuses, as some might felicitously term them, to influential officials was regarded as a mere matter of business, if not a matter of course.

The regularity with which investigations in various parts of the country reveal politics and graft marching abreast of the prison-labor contract system indicates that there has been little change for the better in the years that the system has been in use. Its introduction marks an advance over the system of leasing convicts for work in outside mines or in labor camps, but that probably is the best that may be said for it.

The practice of direct leasing of prison labor is extinct now so far as State institutions are concerned, although it still flourishes in counties in Southern States, and probably will continue to do so for years to come. Alabama, the last State to relinquish the leasing system, changed to the contract system in 1924, expending $4,000,000 to establish prison industries for the employment of 3,000 convicts. In 1925 Alabama's prison shops and farms turned out products valued at $7,000,000, with net earnings for the State of $926,534. That was a better showing than the lease system ever made in Alabama. The contract system in that State is still in an experimental state, and probably has been under too close surveillance to fall in as yet with the evil companions it has found in some of the Northern States where it has been longer established.

The next step in advance in prison industry generally is regarded as the State-use system, in which convicts are employed only in the manufacture of articles used by State institutions. The principle is sound, but the practice is still far from perfection.

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penny that is honest and plenty pretty enough. The law and the method of administering it being what they are, such contractors may even regard themselves as public benefactors.

"Did you ever see half-baked politicians who could run a prison?" demands Mr. Goodman. "Why, three years ago, Idaho came here and begged us to bid in their prison labor."

Yet Mr. Goodman, with the formation of his subsidiary companies, gradually is beginning to withdraw from the field of contract prison labor, profitable though he admits it has been, and patriotic though it may be.

He incorporated the Reliance Company in Indiana in 1898 with $25,000 capital stock. In the reorganization in Illinois in 1922 the capital stock was $7,000,000. The sales in the succeeding eleven months aggregated $8,788,161.86, according to a broker's announcement, with profits of $999,409.44, or almost four times the entire capitalization of the original enterprise fifteen years previously.

"It paid me well," he admits.

He does not always remember to talk in the past tense of his relationship to prison contracts, even though these are handled now by the subsidiary companies. To an outsider it sometimes appears doubtful whether Mr. Goodman wags the business or whether the business is wagging Mr. Goodman. From his action in organizing the subsidiaries to handle the prison contracts and from the tenor of his conversation, it appears at times that Mr. Goodman actually would like to separate himself completely from the business. Then again, it appears that he realizes the futility of such an effort.

"Sure," says Mr. Goodman when the suggestion is made, "I'll drop my contracts if you can get my competitors to let go.

"Fifteen years ago at the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Cleveland I said I was willing to get out. In 1923 I signed a contract with the International Association of Garment Manufacturers. I took no prison contracts for two years, in consequence. But they didn't make my competitors sign up, so I got tired of standing by while they gobbled up everything."

A prison shirt shop

THE prison contractor is somewhat of an industrial Ishmael. The hands of the trade unions, the prison reformers, and of the general public frequently are raised against him. Frequently, if not generally, the motive behind the criticism he meets is self-interest. It is not remarkable that he becomes somewhat cynical, especially in view of his conviction that it's all a matter of business, anyhow.

"Aren't department stores, mail order houses, and chain stores that sell prison goods as bad as the contractor?" demands Mr. Goodman. "They're a bunch of cowards. But the contractor is pictured as the greedy man who stands behind the guard with a whip."

There is no little truth in Mr. Goodman's statement. We are all in it as much as the contractor. Once the offender is caught and sent to prison, we shun him with the same squeamishness that we tabu the whole subject of penal justice. There is the weird finality of death itself to the prison sentence. We are most of us in the position of the ministers of an Eastern State who tried to prevent the chaplain of the State prison from officiating at funerals and weddings because they associated with him the atmosphere of prison. It's one of the realities of life that we prefer not to face, and we leave the prisoner in a class with the leper. We avoid him and his works, even to the shirt he makes and the contractor who offers it for sale.

The contractor for prison labor is a business man. He will be among the first to admit that he is not in business solely for his health. In thirty States of the forty-eight he is in a business which is not only lawful, but is encouraged by officials of the State and virtually is subsidized by the State, in that a good share of the expenses ordinarily borne by the manufacturer are paid by the State. It is a business which is encouraged by the public to the extent that continuous efforts are exerted to provide the State's prisoners with work to occupy their time, so that they will be less inclined to plot together and conspire to escape.

Yet the public so abhors the thought of the silent gray army which peoples its prisons that it refrains even from buying prison-made goods if it knows they are prison-made. The contractor, however, is a business man and determined to market those goods. He has paid from forty cents to a dollar a day for a day's labor of each convict employed in turning them out. It is not his intention to lose any such sum, nor, so far as can be learned, does he do so.

Kate Richards O'Hare reveals some of his marketing methods in her book, "In Prison." She was making clothing for the Oberman Manufacturing Company as an inmate of the Missouri State's prison.

"The first label which I ever stitched into a garment," she writes, "bore the name of the Sibley-Hess Company, of Sioux City, Iowa, and there was nothing to indicate that it had been made in a prison workshop by convict labor."

In garments which she made for the Lincoln Jobbing Company, of Lincoln, Illinois, in the prison she stitched this

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"Stir" Slaves

The Prison Labor Contractor

By NELS ANDERSON

"Stir" slaves is the name applied to themselves by the criminals confined in our prisons. In thirty States their labor is leased to private contractors. How does this practice of society bear out our theory that men are made over in prison? This is the first of a series of articles which will treat of various phases of our prison system.

THE present population of our hundred-odd prisons is 100,000. About four per cent of that number are women. The others are largely able-bodied young men.

They are in prison because imprisonment is in theory—whatever the practice—a means of protecting society while an attempt is made to reform those who have offended against it. Obviously, if an offender is to be restored to society as a useful member, training in a useful trade is involved.

How is this army of prisoners employed?

Many are not employed, because the prisons, having no resources, cannot give them useful jobs. Others work for the State, under a principle that is theoretically sound but actually has never come up to expectations. But the vast majority labor for the profit of private interests. Their hands are leased or sold to contractors. It is the easy way out of the dilemma of what to do with caged men.

The key man of the prison contractors is Milton F. Goodman. He is no uplifter. He will tell you so himself, as he stands, immaculately tailored, gray, strong-featured, keen-eyed, in his own office building in Chicago. He talks rapidly, forcefully, like an auctioneer.

"I'm just a plain American business man," he says.

It may be a vague uneasiness underlying his firmly announced convictions or it may be just habit that makes him flick motes of dust from the satiny top of his mahogany desk or stride across the room to change the position of a chair as he laconically discusses the business of running a prison factory.

Getting work out of prisoners is pure business with Milton F. Goodman. If the States cannot hire good business men as wardens, if they have to contract with good business men to run their shops for them, that is the States' affair. And if the States contract prison labor at a loss, permitting the profits to pile up for the contractor, that is the States' lookout too. If the States fail to look after the welfare of convicts, why should the contractor be expected to? That's business.

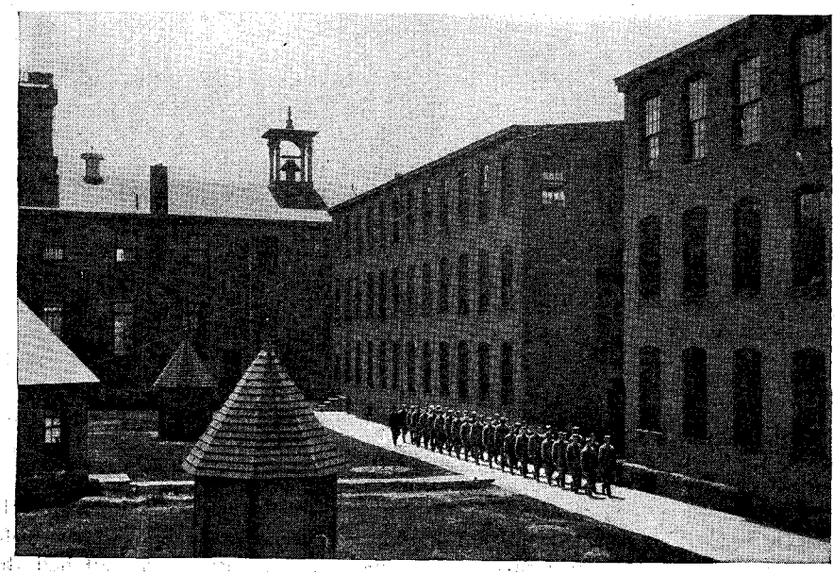
Milton F. Goodman is now at the peak of a spectacular business career which began in his teens, when he came to Chicago with a pack on his back and got a job with Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., proprietors of a large wholesale and department store.

Scarcely had he attained his majority when Goodman's employers gave him an opportunity to bid on a contract with the Waupun Prison, in Wisconsin, for the manufacture of children's play suits, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. agreeing to take the complete output of this convict labor.

This opportunity proved a gold mine for Milton F. Goodman. For thirty years he has not ceased to be a National figure in the prison-contract business. He and his Reliance Manufacturing Company have become the symbols of contract labor everywhere; in fact, they have become the proud parents of four corporations—the Sterling Manufacturing Company, the Far West Manufacturing Company, the East Coast Manufacturing Company, and the Gordon Shirt Company—which handle their prison contracts.

"We own three factories now," says Mr. Goodman, speaking for the Reliance Company, and he points to the engravings of the factories hanging on the walls of his office. "The Reliance Company is out of the prisons. We leave that to the subsidiary companies."

When one has an estate in the country, a big building in the city, and three free factories, one prefers not to be called a prison contractor, though one may own subsidiary companies that take contracts and indirectly one can still profit by prison labor. That's business.



The guard marching from a prison shop

MOST prison-labor contractors call it "a rotten business." Forced labor, they say, is inefficient and prejudice against prison goods hampers the market, and, too, prejudice hinders them as business men. As to the effect upon the men of the monotonous routine, the often unsanitary working conditions, the discipline that is strict to the point of brutality—that phase of the situation seldom occurs to them. The prevailing idea in officialdom of the States where prison labor is let on contract is to keep the prisoners busy. It is an idea that appeals quite naturally to the business man who is thus enabled to cut down his overhead and labor costs and turn a

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Another Normalcy Campaign?

IS the Presidential campaign a race?

Then Mr. Hoover seems content to let Govenor Smith set the pace.

Is it a fight?

Then Mr. Hoover seems content to let Governor Smith choose the battlefield.

And Governor Smith has taken the initiative boldly.

Blow has followed blow in rapid succession. First his telegram to the Houston Convention, by which he committed himself to some kind of modification of prohibition through State action. Then his speech on the Fourth of July, by which he committed himself to a defense of his association with Tammany Hall. Then his reply to the Indiana Farm Bureau Federation pledging himself, if elected, to a conference (even before inauguration) to put into a plan the principle of making each crop carry the cost of marketing its surplus. Now —most vigorous of all—his selection of John J. Raskob as his campaign manager and money raiser.

This selection of Mr. Raskob is both a bold attack on the Republican position and an equally bold realignment of the Democratic forces.

Traditionally, the Democratic Party—the party of Cleveland—has been for a low tariff. Mr. Raskob has been till now listed as a Republican and presumably believes in protection. Under Bryan the Democratic Party was brought to the support of prohibition and opposed big business because it was big. Mr. Raskob is an opponent, not only of the Volstead Act, but of the Eighteenth Amendment, and is financial head of one of the greatest organizations of big business in this country—the General Motors Corporation. Moreover, under Bryan Fundamentalist Protestantism became as never before a political factor. Mr. Raskob, like Governor Smith, is a Roman Catholic. By selecting Mr. Raskob to manage his campaign, and thus securing his election as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Governor Smith has cut connection with the Cleveland Democracy of "tariff reform" and has repudiated practically all that Bryanism stood for. At the same time he has occupied positions that the Republicans have claimed as their own—encouragement of business evolution and the cultivation of business prosperity.

Thus as the campaign starts the initiative is with the Democrats. Will it remain there? Why not? The Republicans are the ins and the Democrats are the outs. It requires initiative for the outs to get in; but it would not seem to require much initiative for the ins to stay in. The intrenchments are well dug. Only three times in nearly seventy years have the Republicans been dislodged from them. They have learned how to stand sieges. They have become accustomed to depend on their normal numerical superiority in the Nation. They count on the margin of about six million votes and rely on numbers to overcome strategy. But they may find before the campaign is over that their hope lies in recovering the initiative for themselves. Will they then be able to meet Governor Smith and his reorganized forces on the ground of their own choosing or even on grounds that Governor Smith has chosen? It may then be too late.

Did not the Republican Party learn after the Hughes campaign of 1916 that the normal Republican majority of six million or so can disappear into the camp of a sufficiently engaging Democrat?

Lawless Ministers

CERTAIN citizens of Dallas, Texas, complained recently that the Rev. Earl Anderson, pastor of the Baptist Fundamentalist Church, was making so much noise at night that they couldn't sleep. He was, it appears, building a tabernacle, and he didn't keep union hours.

Anderson ignored the complaint. His neighbors then got out an injunction restraining him from further work. He refused to obey the injunction. He was held in contempt of court, fined $100 and ordered to post a bond of $1,000 to assure his observance of the restraining order. He refused to pay the fine or post the bond, and was sent to jail.

Meanwhile, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, the shooting parson of Fort Worth, barged into the situation. He approved all that his colleague had done, tried to arrange for radio addresses from the prisoner's cell, and threatened to talk against the judge who issued the injunction unless the suit was settled to his satisfaction.

Plainly, here are two ministers who have a deficient sense of their civic responsibility.

The minister is, true enough, in a peculiar position in the community. He is, whether he wishes it or not, a man privileged and apart. Laymen temper their speech in his presence. Women are inclined to flutter. He is the sacrificial goat, except that he is loaded, not with the tribal sins, but with their uncomfortable virtues. An exaggerated importance is attached to his opinions. The editor has always other editors at his elbow. The lawyer makes his plea in the presence of an opponent more than ready to pounce on misstatements and exaggerations. When the minister mounts the pulpit, tradition makes him sacrosanct. The mantle of the oracle falls on him. Any criticism of him sounds like blasphemy. The ghost of theocracy has not yet been laid in this country.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that in such a position an unstable man acquires a swollen notion of his power. If it is a tenet of his faith to treat his pulpit utterances as infallible, then the minister may expect them to be received as such by the faithful; but only so long as he is in the pulpit, speaking of sacred matters. When he builds a tabernacle, he has no more right to make himself a nuisance than the carpenter working with him. And when his sermon proves to be a malicious political speech he should not be permitted to hide behind the pulpit.

Most ministers, we like to believe, are more concerned with their unusual responsibilities than with their privileges. They are conscious, we think, of their isolation and the danger of a warped mind and an inflated ego. They know that authority is not conferred by a degree, but earned by wise counsel, fair play, and temperate speech.

The Andersons and Norrises are a minority, to be sure, but we seem to have more than our share of them. They are the curse of America, the real enemies of religion. We commend the citizens of Dallas for their disciplinary treatment of one of them.

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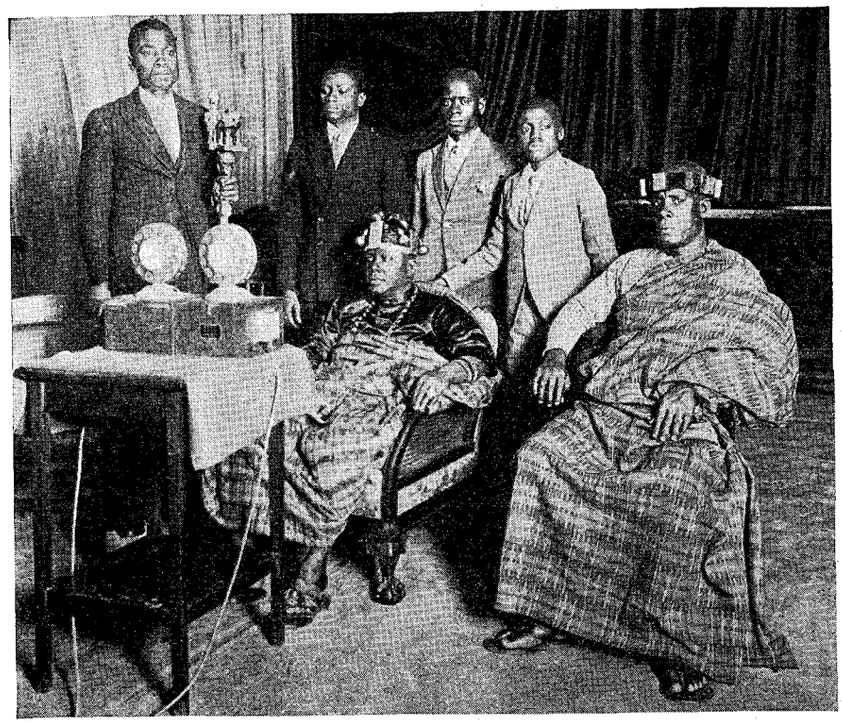
Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

IF not yet an outlaw, Mars has at least come to be regarded internationally as a dubious character. The American plan for a joint treaty to renounce war, open for signature to all the nations of the world, has won its most difficult success in formal acceptance by France. The ready adherence of the other Great Powers is taken as a matter of course. Germany has already given her unconditional agreement; Great Britain's will follow—with reservations—as soon as the necessary exchanges of information with her Dominions can take place; Japan is known to be preparing a note of assent, with a few suggestions of modified phrasing of the treaty.

France, of course, wanted a much more detailed and precise document than the simple declaration against war proposed by Secretary Kellogg. Her experience of the uncertainties of European affairs and of the differences in interpretation to which diplomatic engagements are open—as well as her character and intellectual tendencies—have led her to place her trust only in carefully elaborated statements covering all the contingencies French statesmen can foresee. And they can foresee enough, whether they look across the Rhine or across the Channel or across the Alps. But American and English desires for a more general understanding, not so defined as to exclude any country, have prevailed; and France has consented to sign the pledge to renounce war. At the same time she has placed upon it her own construction, interpreting Mr. Kellogg's language to mean that all previously existing obligations remain unaffected—that is to say, the treaties that ended the World War, the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties of arbitration and security between the Allies and Germany, and the French treaties of alliance on the Continent of Europe. Great Britain will take a similar position.

So far as the French alliances are concerned, it is possible to argue cynically that the new treaty would then commit France to nothing new. But the plan is to have her allies—Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia—sign the treaty also. To bring them, with Germany—against whom the alliances were primarily directed—within the scope of the agreement against war would evidently modify profoundly the situation that led to the alliances. Further, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary may be expected to follow Germany's suit and adhere to the treaty, which would bring all the former European belligerents together in one compact. Such an understanding, as it gains confidence and force, should supersede other agreements and render them unnecessary.



Underwood & Underwood

FIRST AFRICAN KNIGHTED CHIEF

Sir Ofori Atta (left, seated), first African chief to be knighted by King George, speaking over the radio at Hayes, Middlesex, in his native tongue

Always there remains the question whether the present frontiers in Europe can be permanent. As to that, we are likely to hear more in League Assemblies about Article 19 of the Covenant, which, liberals in Geneva argue, opens the way to diplomatic or judicial procedure for revision of national boundaries.

Likewise there remains the question what attitude Soviet Russia may take—or be admitted to take—toward the arrangement for peace by the rest of the world.

ONE OF THE QUARRELS that unsettled northern Europe after the end of the war—that between Lithuania and Poland—has meanwhile broken out again. Since the Poles annexed Vilna, which the Lithuanians claim as their capital, the two countries have never been technically at peace—although a war by Lithuania alone against a neighbor so much larger as Poland would be out of the question. The League of Nations sanctioned an award assigning the Vilna region to Poland. Lithuania refused to acquiesce in this judgment, and continued to contest it. Last December, when the dispute became threatening, the League Council called the Lithuanian and Polish dictators before it, and they agreed to try to reach an amicable understanding. But Poland would not relinquish Vilna, and Lithuania passed a new Constitution declaring the city her capital. So the League Council summoned them again and told them to compose their differences somehow, rebuking the Lithuanian Premier, M. Voldemaras, for disregarding a League award. But lately negotiations for an adjustment have broken down again—and the deadlocked contestants will once more appear at Geneva in September, to be separated and admonished, whether to any better purpose it will be instructive to observe.

In the meantime Marshal Pilsudski has resigned from his post as Premier of Poland. He has made his associate, M. Bartel, his successor and remains himself as Minister of War. Rumors have it that—irritated by a chaotic and recalcitrant Parliament—he may take matters into his own hands, impose a new Constitution reducing the Parliament to a position of merely nominal authority, and vest power in one person, who would naturally be himself, as dictator—perhaps as monarch.

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personality might just as well have been thrown away."

Raising the Cost of Credit

FOR the third time this year, Federal Reserve banks have raised rediscount rates, thereby indirectly raising the cost of all credit. The latest increases have been from 4½ to 5 per cent. Sometimes the reasons for these changes are not entirely clear, but the last two raises certainly, and probably the first, this year have been aimed at the stock market.

At least as many of the public as even glance at the financial pages know the aim of the Federal Reserve authorities, but the grounds for their action have been widely misunderstood. The authorities may well have felt that further pyramiding of prices might set the stage for a terrific reaction, but they would have hesitated to intervene solely to prevent the psychological unsettlement that would follow the pricking of a speculative bubble. As guardians of commerce and industry, however, they have been fully justified in trying to wring out of the stock market the abnormally large supply of credit which it has been using. With the crop-moving season close at hand and industrial activity picking up, an increasing amount of this credit will be needed for legitimate business. By boosting the price of loans, the Reserve authorities hope to make the stock market disgorge.

If the speculative community does cut down its borrowings materially, the Federal Reserve System presumably will be only too glad to reduce its rediscount rates. At their present levels they not only raise the expenses of the average business man, but they threaten to bring back here the gold which other countries need and which we do not want. But the authorities believe that the necessity of reducing the swollen total of brokers' loans as quickly as possible overrides other considerations. If the present rediscount rates do not accomplish this purpose, they probably will go still higher.

Ignorance Breeds Disease

WHY should Great Britain have more than twice as many cases of smallpox in the year 1927 as the whole of Continental Europe? That is what the Health Commission of the League of Nations has just reported; 14,931 in Great Britain, 6,841 in the rest of Europe, and so far in 1928 there have been 7,000 cases in Great Britain.

The answer generally accepted by those whose business it is to follow disease conditions is: Opposition to vaccination stimulated by intensive propaganda. For many years, for some queer reason, this propaganda has flourished in England more viciously than almost anywhere else; one writer says that espousal of the vaccinationist theory is equivalent to taking one's political future in one's hands.

There never was a clearer case of cause and effect. A single fact stated by the League's report is startlingly convincing: "In 1926 in Great Britain there was not a single case among children below twelve years of age who had been vaccinated in infancy, whereas there were no fewer than 3,980 cases among children below twelve years of age who had never been vaccinated."

Sometimes one feels that ignorance and prejudice engender more suffering than violence and deliberate evil-doing.

(C) Keystone

HELEN WILLS IN ENGLAND

where she carrried off the victory at Wimbledon in the women's tennis singles

Helium Without Red Tape

HELIUM, until recently husbanded by the Government and forbidden export because of its scarcity, is becoming so common that it may now be purchased just as other chemical supplies are purchased—without red tape.

Not that there has been an absolute scarcity of helium, for it is contained to the extent of one part in about 150 in the ordinary natural gas burned under kitchen ranges in dozens of cities. The trouble which has made helium scarce is the difficulty and expense of separating it from the inflammable gases with which it comes commingled. On this account we waste six or seven hundred million cubic feet of helium every year in the United States. In order to unscramble helium from other gases it is necessary to liquefy these other gases. This involves reducing their temperature to about 330° (Fahrenheit) below zero, a process requiring large amounts of energy. The stubbornness of the helium itself in the matter of liquefying—it liquefies only at about 400° below zero—is taken advantage of in the same manner as in the endeavor to split grain and wood alcohols: one substance is inherently a liquid at a temperature at which another is a gas. In actual practice the natural gas containing helium is highly compressed, cooled, and allowed to expand again. The rapid expansion produces a cooling effect identical with the one employed as the working principle of the usual domestic electrical refrigerator.

Two years ago Professor Keesom, of Leyden, succeeded in actually solidifying helium at a temperature less than three degrees above no temperature at all or three degrees above the absolute zero of the physicist, 456° below "zero." It looked like ice.

One of the most promising uses of helium is for divers. It has been discovered that by substituting helium for the nitrogen in the nitrogen-oxygen mixture called air divers can work to far greater advantage than ordinary air permits.

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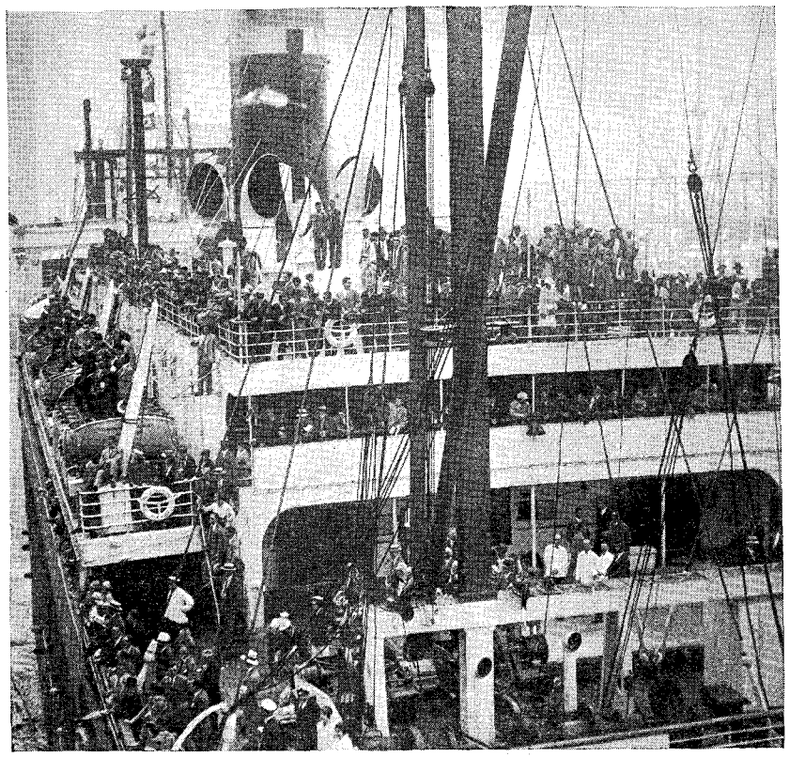

Underwood & Underwood

TO INVADE HOLLAND

The American Olympic team leaving for Amsterdam aboard the President Roosevelt

soil has been or will be rescued and improved.

The human side of this vast undertaking is as important as its economic side is valuable. The conditions in the past among those who tried to live in the malarious regions were all but indescribably degrading and filthy. Thanks to quinine, malarial fever has vastly decreased; the so-called "Roman fever" has become a legend; Italy consumes thirty tons of quinine a year—it is given away or sold at very low prices by the Government—and as the swamps are reclaimed it is safe to say that the mortality rate and the consumption of quinine will go down in proportion.

Flappers and Peeresses

THERE seems to be a rivalry for publicity between England's flappers and her peeresses. Properly a flapper is a fluttering young thing, but in today's talk she is a woman between twenty-one and thirty. She wants the vote now denied her, and she is going to get it.

The revolt of the peeresses—that is, those women who are peeresses in their own right—is for seats in the House of Lords. They have tried for it two or three times, and came close to success; now they say that if the flappers win the peeresses certainly must have a House of Lords and Ladies. Why the one thing should be supposed to balance the other is beyond American ken.

There are eighteen peeresses in their own right—not to count four Scottish peeresses, who in fact don't count—one duchess (the Duchess of Fife), two viscountesses, two countesses, and thirteen baronesses. Oddly enough, one baroness (Baroness Ravensdale) is the sister of Lady Cynthia Mosley, the Socialist, who hopes for a seat in the House of Commons and openly regrets her possession of a title. Baroness Ravensdale, on the other hand, is a proponent of seats for ladies. Both sisters are half-American by descent, daughters of Viscount Curzon, who married Mary Leiter. Baroness Ravensdale, the other day, spoke at the yearly service at Runnymede in honor of Magna Charta and said, "I am proud of being in the ranks of those very barons who gave us our rights."

Morbid Missionaries

A PSYCHIATRIST has come back from China to tell the National Committee for Mental Hygiene that there is an unusual amount of mental disturbances prevalent among the missionaries in that country. Dr. J. L. McCartney, who brings the report, has been studying mental diseases at the Peking Union Medical College and, as visiting psychiatrist, at St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai.

He reports that out of 203 workers invalided home from a single mission, 25 per cent were tagged as "neurasthenic," 8.8 per cent as "insane," and 2.9 per cent as suffering from other neuroses.

It is customary, says Dr. McCartney, to place the blame for these conditions on the food, the weather, the economic situation, and the natives. He disposes of such diagnoses as "rationalizations" of people out of adjustment with their environment and unaware of the psychological sources of their difficulties.

He finds that most missionaries responded to the "call" during the impressionable period of adolescence, when young people are naturally susceptible to religious fanaticism. Many of them are away from home for the first time. Some are out there because a girl or a boy at home preferred another lover. Sometimes it is because life on Main Street had become humdrum.

"On arriving on the foreign mission field," the report continues, "the new worker finds himself or herself in a totally foreign moral environment, with a radically divergent system of sexual and personal ethics. The possibilities for the stimulation and gratification of the sexual side of the psychic Occidental are more numerous in the Orient, and the continual flaunting of the erotic makes its impression on the unstable personality. If he evades it, he callouses his nature; if he succumbs to its wiles, it erodes him. In either case he may be thrown into a morbid mental condition.

"Many of the young missionaries suffer from the desire to be free from the dictates of a narrow moral standard, and the intolerant attitude of many missions toward their workers tends to break down the morale of the strongest men and women.

"The responsibility placed upon young men and women American missionaries often is colossal. The feeling that they are the final court of appeals in matters relating to their . . . work, that there are few to whom they can go for helpful counsel, . . . may necessitate a psychoneurotic escape. Naturally, such persons tend to become hypersensitive and phobic, or, what is more common, superlatively egotistical.

Dr. McCartney advises mission boards to choose their personnel more carefully.

"The question of the ability of the newcomer to withstand the foreign environment is one of no small moment," he observes, "when it is realized that a failure to adjust means wasted ability and that the hundreds of dollars expended in sending out such an unstable

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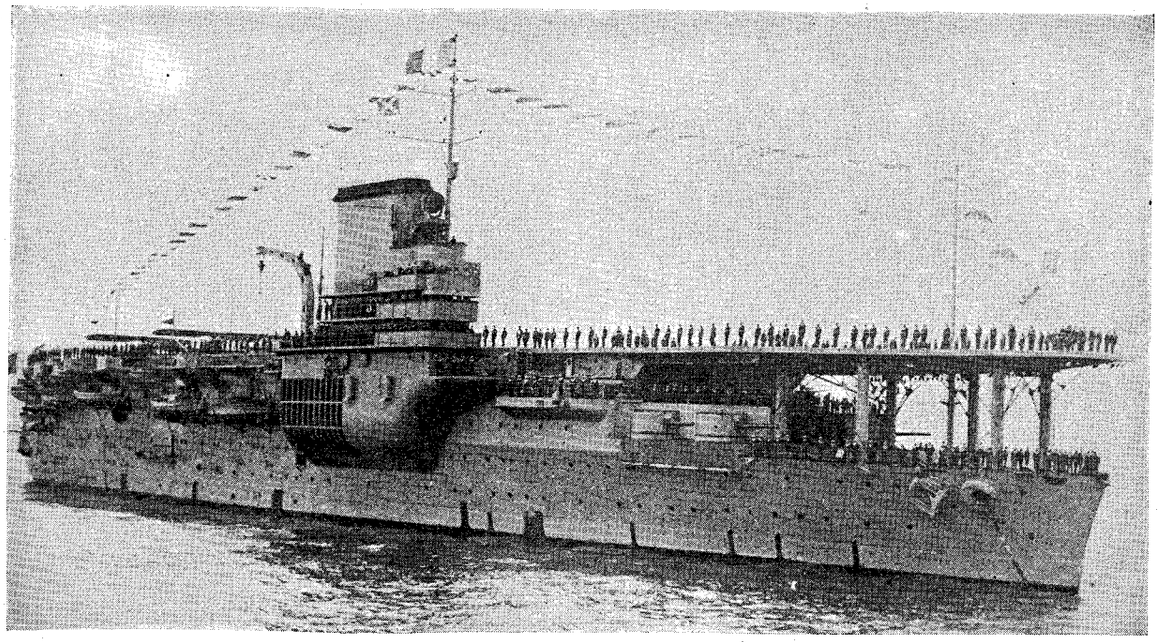

Wide World

FRANCE'S FLOATING AIR-FIELD

One of the huge airplane carriers that took part in the recent French naval review off Le Havre

banks and the sound investment houses must continue the fight to keep this junk out of the hands of the unsophisticated investor.

The Tragedy of the Italia

MINGLED with rejoicing at the safety of members of the Italia's party and of some of the rescuers who have themselves been stranded we have now a clearer impression of the tragedy and of the all but mortal suffering of the survivors. Most heartrending of all is the story of the three men who left Nobile's stranded party and tried to reach help for the others. The horror is intensified by the fact that false and emotional reports had pictured the two Italians of this detachment (Mariano and Zappi) as having devotedly stayed for many days by the dead body of their Swedish comrade, Dr. Finn Malmgren, scientist and Arctic expert. Later there came from Moscow a positive statement sent from the Krassin by the head of the Soviet relief party on the ice-breaker, Professor Samoilovich, who reported Zappi's narrative in Zappi's own words. We give it entire as of world-wide interest:

In our march landward we suffered untold privation. For days we drifted on floating ice. Several miles southeast of Brock Island Malmgren was unable to march on and told us to go ahead and take all the provisions. Before leaving, Malmgren asked us to dig a grave in the ice, and he lay down. Quietly he stretched out his hand, bidding us adieu, and, handing us his compass, requested us to give it to his mother.

We plodded on slowly and in twenty-four hours were only 100 meters from Malmgren. We saw Malmgren raise his head. Hoping that, driven by hunger, he would go on with us, we waited. Realizing this, Malmgren cried: "Go! Go! At the price of my life you'll save all."

We marched on, suffering great privation. One mile from Brock Island Mariano became blind, and again we drifted with the ice. During our wanderings we saw six airplanes only about a mile distant, but none save Chukhnovsky (Russian aviator aboard the Krassin) saw us, despite our frantic signals.

For twelve days we did not eat anything. Mariano felt death approaching at the sight of Chukhnovsky's plane and begged me to place his body aboard the plane after death, should the flier land.

The Krassin has not reached the base ship, the Citta di Milano, at this writing. She has on board the two members of the Malmgren party, five members of the party from which Nobile had already been rescued, and Chukhnovsky and four other aviators who located the Malmgren party in a flight from the Krassin but had to make a forced landing at Cape Platen. Two members of the Sora expedition, which tried to reach the remnant of the Nobile party, have been rescued by a Finnish plane. Still unlocated are the great Norwegian explorer Amundsen and his party. Hopes are entertained that they may be found in the search of the Krassin for those men of Nobile's party who were carried away by the Italia after the cabin containing Nobile and others was shorn off.

Some ill feeling has been expressed in Russia and Sweden against the two Italians who "deserted" Dr. Malmgren, but, as they say, at his own urgent request. It is evident that the entire history of the Italia flight and disaster must be thoroughly sifted and all its living members and all the rescuers questioned in detail, not only to settle charges and countercharges, but to throw light on polar research and aviation. It is now two months since the Italia crashed, and there are still men in peril and news to be gathered.

The Duce Fights Malaria

THERE seem to be several things that a dictator can do more efficiently than a parliament. Mussolini has all but wiped out the Mafia—a feat deemed quite impossible when Marion Crawford was writing "Corleone" not so many years ago. Now the dictator is pressing forward war against another pest of Italy —malaria; to uproot it means not only to improve health but to raise standards of living and to open for cultivation enormous tracts of heretofore unlivable country.

Great strides have been made in the last two years in Italy's anti-malaria campaign. Two and a half million acres have already been reclaimed; plans are on foot for saving at least as large an area. Not far from a twelfth of Italian

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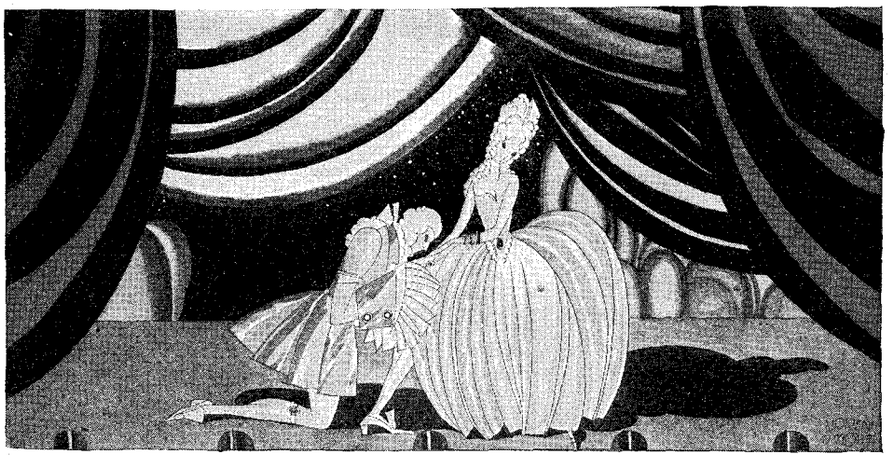
Amateur Gilbert and Sullivan



WE'VE seen in our time a great many productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. In the musical family in which we were brought up a good production of the "Mikado" was considered worth traveling far to see. And if we remember rightly, the score of "Patience" was the first piece on which we tried out our musical education. So that we yield to no one in proper appreciation of the works of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert.

All of which is a prelude to asking why it is that a group such as the Play-Arts Guild of Baltimore wishes to bring an opera such as "Patience" to Broadway and invite New Yorkers to see it? Theatre-goers in this town are well acquainted with the Gilbert and Sullivan scores. Many revivals of the operas have dotted our dramatic history in the last few years. So the work itself is no novelty. And the best reason for going to hear it at this late date lies in its interpretation.

Granting this, do the Baltimoreans provide this reason?

Well, not particularly. Granted that a twice-told tale is often a trifle shopworn, granted that the element of surprise is gone, nevertheless talented comedians and clever singers are still able to make this piece fresh and interesting. But this knack the Play-Arts Guild company lacks.

We don't know whether any one has ever settled the exact difference between amateur and professional. It is difficult to define. But when we say that "Patience," as presented by this group, lacks the professional touch we hope you will know that we mean it is exceedingly well sung and sometimes acted much better than is usual in such presentations. But the peculiar intimate touch of the talented actor or singer who is sure of himself, on good terms with his audience, and aware of precisely what he is doing is lacking.

We do not mean simply that the cues are taken up slowly—although they are—nor that the traditional stage management is not followed. It is. The presentation is in the very best manner of the old D'Oyley Carte companies at the Savoy. Yet, once a song is over, the applause waits. The thing is self-conscious.

All Gilbert and Sullivan is difficult to do, despite its apparent simplicity and evident satire. This is partly, perhaps, because the ideas which the operas satirize have mostly passed out of our current idiom. Besides this, musical satire—we might almost call it comic satire—is one of the most deft and delicate of the arts. The ability to do the thing seriously precedes the ability to satirize the manner of doing it. So that almost always the amateur who endeavors to do gossamer-like satire is found either singing the music too seriously in an endeavor to bring out its melody and beauty or burlesquing grossly what should be lightly satirized.

Beyond this, the absurdity of almost all the Gilbert and Sullivan characters is based on the awareness by the character himself of the fact that he is absurd, that he is dealing bravely with absurdities which the other actors must take seriously, but which they, in turn, regard as absurdities except that they are the rules of the game on the stage.

Such delicate nuances of humor and satire expressed in music and verse are difficult even for the best class of professional to catch and reflect to his audience. To judge from the present performance, it would seem as if the job were almost impossible for the amateur.

One thing the Baltimore Guild does make clear: the tribute to Gilbert and Sullivan is all the greater because their opera itself still emerges as exceedingly entertaining, filled with lilting melodies and beautiful harmonies which time cannot render commonplace.

All this may sound as if the Play-Arts Guild performance were very poor—which is a judgment we are very far from expressing. They do many things well. They can all sing, and some of them can sing very well. The men's chorus by the dragoon guards and the many numbers by the rapturous maidens are done even better than usual. In fact, wherever the music can be sung sincerely the whole company shines to the very best advantage, and the finales of the acts are stirring. The performance of Donald Kirkley as Bunthorne is as original in conception as we've seen. The part of Grosvenor, the rival poet, is also well done, although not of the same excellence as the Bunthorne rôle. And Mary Bokee as Patience can sing more than pleasingly, although her acting leaves something to be desired. Also, Gertrude Gossman as Lady Jane progresses steadily in her interpretation and finally discards her rather amateurish burlesque to sing "Sad Is That Woman's Lot" and "Say 'Booh!' to Him" as entertainingly as we've heard it in many a moon.

Let us put it this way:

The Baltimore presentation is very fair for an amateur show which achieves professionalism time after time but which never quite rings the bell, except in the concerted music. To paraphrase slightly the recipe for "Heavy Dragoon"—if you took all the amateur productions of "Patience" you've seen, added a touch of the church choir, put in a touch of oratorio singing, seasoned it well with bits of Broadway's zip and ability, and boiled the whole thing down and blew off the scum, the "residuum" would be about our opinion of the Play-Arts Guild's production.

F. R. BELLAMY.

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At the Vienna Staatsoper

By EUGENE BONNER

Vienna.

"DAS Wunder der Heliane," an opera in three acts by Erik Korngold, one of the festival-fortnight offerings at the Staatsoper, was given the night following the première of the new Strauss opera.

This young composer is by no means unknown to New York audiences, two of his operas having served as vehicles for Mme. Jeritza at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Die Tote Stadt," that really fine and interesting work that served to introduce both the composer and the Viennese singer to American audiences seven years ago, unfortunately, did not sufficiently impress the public to justify the management's keeping it in the repertoire of the opera house.

This is a great pity, as in our opinion it is not only that composer's finest piece of work so far, but in it Mme. Jeritza gave a brilliant and sincere performance —a performance which she has unfortunately not been able, or not seen fit, to duplicate in any of the rôles she has subsequently essayed in New York, with the possible exception of her Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser." Korngold's other opera, "Violanta," likewise interpreted by this artiste, proved to be a most deplorable concoction and brought no credit whatever to any one involved.

"The Miracle of Heliane," while infinitely better, does not approach "The Dead City" either in dramatic or musical interest. The story, a somewhat turgid affair laid in the Middle Ages, is by H. Muller, adapted from the mystery by Kaltneker.

The individual called "the Stranger" is captive in a prison of a sinister kingdom in which all joy and laughter are forbidden, his crime being that of having brought happiness and merriment into the realm, and for which he has been condemned to death. The queen, Heliane, who loathes her cruel husband, comes to visit the Stranger, and in pure compassion offers herself to him in order to give him "a last bliss on earth" before his execution. Having retired to the adjoining chapel to remove her robes, she emerges in a state of quasi-nudity just as the King arrives to try to learn from the Stranger how he may gain her love. The enraged husband orders her to immediate judgment.

In the court presided over by a blind judge the King accuses Heliane of adultery. She defends herself on the ground that she was about to give herself to the Stranger, not out of carnal desire, but in deepest compassion. The Stranger is brought in; he asks death at her hands and a kiss. They embrace, and the young man stabs himself and dies. The King decides that Heliane must stand the Ordeal of Heaven, and if she is innocent, as she declares, she will be able to bring the dead to life. In a transport of love for the dead man, she avows her willingness to submit to the test.

In the last act Heliane appears before the castle with the Judge and the King. She declares she cannot now perform the miracle, as she has come to the realization that she has loved the Stranger all along, and therefore is not altogether innocent. She is being led to the stake when the dead man rises from his bier, miraculously restored to life. The lovers embrace, at the sight of which the infuriated King plunges his dagger into the heart of Heliane. A transformation scene takes place, and we see the two lovers wandering off into space, forever united; all of which is somewhat vague but operatically effective.

The music throughout is undistinguished and suffers from overscoring, a characteristic fault of the composer. The court scenes are effective dramatically, but uninteresting from a musical point of view. The last act is by far the best, Korngold's flair for the theatre having full scope in the dramatic scene of the Ordeal by Heaven, and much of the music here is very beautiful. But the opera is very heavy-going for the first two acts, and one is almost too weary by the time the last act arrives to be able to react as one would like to this final scene. The composer himself directed the orchestra with vigor and the principals were excellent, especially Fräulein Schwarz as Heliane and Herr Jerger as the King, who gave the finest performance of the evening.

THAT delightful hybrid affair of Strauss and von Hofmannsthal "Ariadne auf Naxos," given a few nights later, revealed another side of this distinguished team of opera-makers. It was originally the second part of an entertainment of which the first part consisted of von Hofmannsthal's version of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Molière, with incidental music by Strauss, and it was in this form we first heard it in London, a few months after its première in Stuttgart, which took place in October, 1912.

Owing to the very great difficulties of production, the piece needing a double cast, one of actors and one of singers (to say nothing of the problems involved in regard to the size of the usual auditoriums), the dramatist and composer finally decided to dismember the somewhat unwieldy opera-drama. In fact, the letters apropos of all this are not the least interesting in the Strauss-von Hofmannsthal correspondence recently published.

In the new version, the Vienna arrangement, first produced here in October, 1916, the Molière play is entirely discarded. Instead of which there is a prologue (pretty much as in the original production except for the addition of the music) preceding the opera proper, which serves to explain the complications which result in such a curious performance as that which follows.

When the curtain rises on the prologue (in reality, the first act of the entertainment), we see the great hall in a Viennese palace belonging to one of the *nouveaux riches* of that period—eighteenth century. Servants are busy getting ready an improvised "set" for the opera which is to be given shortly in that very place. The composer of the opera, the prima donna, the tenor, and the members of the Italian troupe are all over the place, in various stages of make-up or deshabille, when the major-domo announces to all the dire fact that the two pieces, the opera and *commedia delle arte,* are to be given on the same stage at the same time. The ensuing scene of confusion worse confounded, the rage of the high and mighty opera singers and the hilarious and unholy joy of the Italian comedians, all creates a most amusing and unusual diversion, totally different from anything else on the operatic stage.

Briefly, the story of the little "baroque" opera is as follows: Ariadne has been deserted by Theseus and left on an island, presumably in the Ægean Archi-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 518*)

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The Movies

By A. M SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Wheel of Chance"

WE'VE all become fairly well accustomed to seeing Richard Barthelmess as Richard Barthelmess; so much so, indeed, that some of us were genuinely and agreeably surprised by his accomplishment in "The Wheel of Chance." A double rôle falls to him in this picture—a rôle which calls for acting of a high order, and Mr. Barthelmess walks away with it.

The story, which is by Fannie Hurst, is concerned with the fortunes of a Russian family. "Another Russian picture!" you exclaim, getting all ready to turn rapidly to the advertising pages.

No. In this picture the family leaves Russia, in an early reel, and comes to America, thus giving the audience a well-earned break, for once. One of the two infant sons of the house is spirited away from the hearthside, under circumstances which we shall not divulge, and grows up as a Red, a rowdy, and a rough-neck. "Schmulka," they call him, and he's a tough bird from the hide outward. Inside, of course, he is just a good-hearted boy who never had a chance.

While this sorry stray is reaching manhood under the tutelage of a drunken foster-mother, his brother Micky is enjoying the advantages of this favored land of ours in the company of his parents. So ungrudgingly do his father and mother lavish education and snappy new suits upon him that he lands a job as assistant district attorney and gets married to Lina Basqueth.

Schmulka in the meanwhile has taken up with that notoriously abandoned character, Margaret Livingston (who, it so happens, has provided the groundwork for an incident in the earlier career of Schmulka's own brother, Nicky).

When Schmulka catches her in the act of two-timing him with another gentleman, he quite unintentionally kills her. He gives himself up, and is brought to trial by his own brother, the assistant district attorney, and faces from the prisoner's dock his own mother and father, who have no suspicion of his identity. The outcome is interesting, logical, and admirably restrained.

In the part of Schmulka Richard Barthelmess employs an ingenious make-up and contributes a study of the particular type he portrays which deserves

to rank with the great characterizations of the screen. His performance "gets you"—and that's the highest praise we know.

"The Racket"

ADD another fine crook picture if you still have room on your list. "The Racket" has a grand cast and was adapted for the screen by the author of the stage play similarly titled, which tickled Broadway last season.

Bartlett Cormack is this author's name, and he was evidently allowed to have his own way with his own play—something unusual for Hollywood. He has been helped in making the jump from foots to Kleigs by the directorial ability of Lewis Milestone and by the expert titling of Tom Miranda, too. But another Tom is perhaps more responsible than any of them for the success which may definitely be predicted for this picture. Not since "Back Home and Broke" has Thomas Meighan had such a chance as is given him here. The weary, humorous, inflexible Captain McQuigg is a part right up Tom Meighan's street, and you must see him play it, whether you saw John Cromwell do it on the stage or whether you didn't.

Louis Wolheim's conception of Nick Scarsi is, we thought, less distinguished than was Edward G. Robinson's, but it's very, very good. Marie Prevost has the relatively small part of Helen, the hard-boiled hostess, and it grows under her expert touch into a thing of deadly accuracy. To name all the other excellent performances would be to mention the entire cast, but it wouldn't be right to omit some reference to Skeets Gallagher as Miller.

We thought the beginning of the picture a little short on invention. We've seen so many beer-truck fights—such an infinite number of rival gangs facing one another across night club dance floors; but when they got going on the main theme and lighted up the scenes a little more, everything was so satisfactory that we were sorry when it was over. It may be a long time before we shall get to see another movie without love interest, without hamness, and without hokum.

"The Actress"

NORMA SHEARER, Ralph Forbes, O. P. Heggie, Roy D'Arcy, Lee Moran, and, last but not least, the accomplished Owen Moore; this is the cast which has been assembled to bring "Trelawney of the Wells" to the screen.

They have called it "The Actress," but that is the only change of note to be observed. The good old play suffers nothing in the picturization, so skillfully do these players perform—so well has Sidney Franklin handled his megaphone. The gratifying qualities of "The Actress" could easily have been lost with less intelligent acting, because, really, "Trelawney of the Wells" has reached an age where an all-star cast is essential to its success—either on the screen or on the stage.

Mr. Heggie gets just a tiny bit enthusiastic at times over the possibilities of his part, but perhaps we're an ultra-modern at heart.

"The Lights of New York"

THIS, the first one hundred per cent all-talking picture, is enjoying considerable success. We sincerely hope its vogue will not abate, because we wish the Warner Brothers well in their business. We feel, however that the function of this department is to advise our clients whether to go to certain pictures, or whether it would be better to turn in early for once or shoot a little contract bridge. In the case of "The Lion and the Mouse" we urged attendance. Our suggestion regarding "The Lights of New York" is that you wait for the next one.

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By W. R. BROOKS

A NEW service for telephone subscribers has been started in New York which will undoubtedly spread to other cities. Both your own number and the number of the Telephone Message Bureau are listed after your name in the book. If your own number does not answer, the person who wants to talk to you can call the Bureau and leave the message. When you get home, you call up the Bureau and get any messages left for you. Or you can leave a message with the Bureau to be given to any person who calls. You can get these messages until midnight; after that hour they are mailed out to you so you will get them the next morning.

This service has been established only a few weeks in New York, but it has been in operation in London for some time. And the cost is not very high—a dollar a month and five cents for each message. For business as well as social calls it should be extremely valuable.

IT was a good many years ago that we last felt any interest in collapsible boats. A schoolmate of ours, carefully following instructions in the "American Boys' Handy Book," or some other similar intelligence trap, had built one out of lath and canvas and whatever else there was lying around the barn. We couldn't collapse it after it was built, but we thought that, anyway, we could go out in it. So we took it down to the canal and got in it and pushed out from shore, and immediately the boat, true to its name, collapsed. We pulled it out and laid it on the shore and dried our clothes, and went home and started to build a prairie schooner. It wasn't the fault of the book, we felt. After all, the book said the boat was collapsible, and this boat simply happened to be collapsible in water and not on land.

Just the same, we haven't felt any great confidence in collapsible boats since that time. Until the other day, when we saw in Von Lengerke & Detmold's a folding boat made of wood which we really think we'd be willing to trust ourself to. This boat is 10 feet 2 inches long and 3 feet 6 inches wide. It rolls up in a bundle 12 by 14 by 60 inches, and weighs less than 100 pounds. It is of mahogany, and the joints are of heavy waterproof canvas. You take it out of the bundle, unroll it, turn a crank handle, tighten two thumb-screws, snap four hooks in place—all of which takes less than two minutes—and you are ready to go. It can be carried on the running-board of a car. You can throw it in the water and assemble it there if you want to, or have to, for, being of wood, it won't sink, and, since the entire boat including seats and oarlocks is in one piece, there is nothing to get lost. And it will stand rough treatment, which is more than can be said of other folding boats we have seen.

THE Sportball, which we saw at the same store, is a ball of tough heavy rubber such as inner tubes are made of. We didn't measure them, but they come in two sizes, the larger of which we should say was about two feet in diameter. You inflate the ball, and it is excellent for all sorts of water and beach games, and will stand all sorts of rough usage. You can sit on it and jump on it. The makers suggest a number of exercises that can be gone through with the ball, for reducing as well as for strengthening the muscles. One of them is to sit on it and bounce up and down. They call this indoor horseback-riding. We were curious to know how you stayed on this spherical horse while bouncing, but we didn't try it, as it was a very hot day. But we were assured that a good deal of skill could be developed at this exercise.

There were also a number of large rubber animals for use in the water—frogs and ducks big enough to ride on, and a sort of water hobby-horse that should be very amusing.

ANOTHER thing that was new to us was a six-foot tape of fine steel which winds up in a container two inches in diameter. The tape is rust proof, flexible enough to tie into knots, and at the same time stiff enough to remain as rigid as a yardstick in measuring anything above and beyond your reach. We should think any architect or engineer would crave one of these. It will bend into corners or around pipes as easily as a cloth tape-measure.

WE were subjected to some slight criticism a few months back for making frequent mention in this department of new cocktail shakers. But there is a reason for it. For the past few years the ingenuity of the American manufacturer has been largely expended on new varieties of this necessary household accessory. We, in our effort to report for you such new things as come on the market, can scarcely omit mention of a field in which progress has been made. For we doubt if even the airplane has been developed and improved more rapidly than the cocktail shaker. And so we offer no apologies. We report these things; if you debase them to evil uses, that's your lookout. And so—we have seen a new cocktail set which consists of shaker, lemon-squeezer, ice-crusher, and a nest of cups, all folded up and packed in a leather case a little larger than an ordinary tumbler.

And two items for the smoker. The Baby Smokidor—or maybe it's Smokodor, we don't know how they spell it—which won't tip over and has two chambers, one above and one below. The cigarette dropped into it goes down into the lower chamber and goes out without smoldering.

And the Rumidor Humidor. This is a humidor for cigars or tobacco with a cake of solidified rum—no, you can't eat it—in the top which keeps the tobacco moist and at the same time adds to its flavor.

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Nearly Every Prospect Pleases

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

RECENT exciting seesawings in the security and credit markets have been receiving so much attention that professional diagnosticians have not emphasized sufficiently the prospects for fundamental business, the manufacture and sale of goods. Few of them have pointed out the interesting and decidedly pleasing fact that the last six months of this year hold out a reasonable promise of being the most prosperous since the war.

Prospects are only prospects, and are sometimes grossly misleading. Because of the many unpredictable factors, business forecasts must rank well below weather bulletins in the scale of reliability. Some prophets, however, are better than others, and those who have made the best records in recent years are most optimistic for the last half of 1928.

While they were passing along the first six months did not seem particularly prosperous, but reviews prove that they compared very favorably with the same period of 1927, one of the best half-years of our history. The output of steel set a new record for all time; automobile production, despite Henry Ford's unexpectedly small contribution, was well ahead of that of 1925 and 1927 and not far behind that of 1926, the industry's best year; and new construction contracted for in the thirty-seven States east of the Rocky Mountains during the first five months was, according to the usually trustworthy figures of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, the largest ever.

Probably the most unfavorable showing was that of the railroads, whose car loadings were consistently below those of 1927. Even this comparison is not too discouraging, however. Trucks carried a great deal of merchandise that in other years would have traveled by rail, and, while it is true that the weekly totals of loadings were nearly always below those for the corresponding weeks of the previous year, the net decline for the six months was only about seven per cent.

Some of the spokesmen for the agricultural communities complained vociferously of their hardships, but the large sales reported by the mail-order houses, whose clientele is preponderantly rural, and the prosperity of the farm-implement companies indicate that they did not do so badly.

The farmer's income during the coming months, of course, will affect the demand for merchandise. The size and value of the leading crops constitute two of the hardest fields for prophecy, since they will be affected so tremendously by meteorological conditions. According to the best-informed opinions, however, both the cotton and wheat yields should be well above the average and should, considering their size, bring pretty good prices. The most heartening feature of the outlook for cotton producers is the smallness of the carry-over from last year, which means that, even at present fairly high prices, this year's output should be pretty well taken. The wheat crop looked none too encouraging two months ago, but the picture has been growing brighter steadily. From the American point of view, the almost certain shortage in Russia and the strong possibility of shortages elsewhere in Europe will be helpful.

The purchasing power of the rest of the country seems to be strong enough. Unemployment has not been a serious problem for several weeks, and twenty-six chain stores report that their sales for June were nineteen per cent larger than in 1927. Manufacturing and merchandising companies are also in a good position to buy. Generally speaking, their inventories are small and their cash holdings large.

Although it is not necessarily true that industry will follow the same trend which it has followed for the last two or three months, the fact that those months have been a period of increasing activity is certainly a ground for optimism. Business begets business.

The recent trend is most evident in the case of the three key industries. Although the actual output of steel has been declining since the spring, the letdown has not been as sharp as usual. The industry during the current month, for instance, as the surprising increase in unfilled orders reported by the Steel Corporation indicates, should show a greater improvement over the corresponding period in 1927 than last March, which broke all records for a single month. The automobile reports tell much the same story. The normal summer slump has been much milder than even the most optimistic expected. Most of the experts estimated that, even with a much larger Ford output, production would be well below what it is. Figures on construction are always late, but unofficial reports state that this industry, which flourishes in the summer, is doing about as well in comparison with last year as the steel and automobile companies. Certainly several industries are less well off than these three and almost none are doing better, but, with few exceptions, they are all on the up-grade.

One of the most astonishing of the pleasing features of the business situation is the continued demand abroad for American products. Any economist can prove that our position as a debtor country demands that we should import more than we export; but we don't. Merchandise exports, the Department of Commerce reports, were $221,000,000 larger in the first five months of this year than they were between January and May of 1927. Official figures for June are not available as this is written, but they undoubtedly will show that the so-called favorable trade balance grew still larger. Judging by the order books of a few important corporations, moreover, exports should continue to increase.

The two most unfavorable factors are the high cost of borrowing and the narrowness of profit margins. The expense of credit is infinitely less important to commerce and industry than it is to the security markets, but it is not a negligible influence. Certainly there is less inducement to semi-speculative and speculative construction, to take an important example, when the price of loans mounts and such an authority as Colonel Ayres, of the Cleveland Trust Company, thinks that higher money rates might hamper the installment sales of automobiles. At the present time the Federal Reserve authorities are doing their utmost to bring down money rates eventually by making them temporarily so high that the stock market will release a substantial volume of credit. Business will undoubtedly benefit if the Federal Reserve authorities succeed—and they probably will.

Profit margins should widen as business improves, but, with our large productive capacity, competition will still be rigorous enough to keep them uncomfortably small. Facing this fact, it is comforting to remember that the business outlook is never unclouded and very seldom as bright as it is today.

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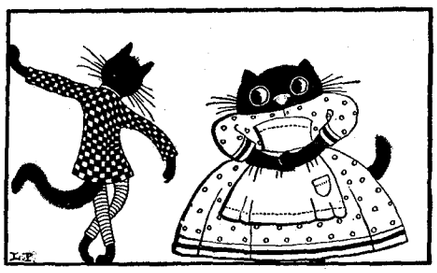
Hero of Eighteen Pussy-Cats

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price



Young Thomas laying his plans with Grandma

THOUGH the Crowells are old Cape Codites and New Englanders of 1639, their family stories do not deal with those stern old historic days, but with the skyscrapers and elevators and paraphernalia of modern Manhattan, seen through the twinkle of Dad's masculine humor. Only an apartment dweller can appreciate the tragedies and triumphs of this, his daughter's favorite tale.

Hero of Eighteen Pussy-Cats

As remembered by Virginia Crowell

ONCE upon a time there were eighteen pussy-cats, and they lived in an eighteen-story apartment-house, one pussy-cat to a floor—only one didn't count, for he was the landlord, a stingy old fellow, who wouldn't even put an elevator in his house. Up, up, up, climbed the apartment-house till it nearly touched the sky, and up, up, up, climbed seventeen mewing, meowing, complaining pussy-cats. But the landlord, who lived on the ground floor and had no stairs to climb, just stroked his whiskers and smiled.

Now at the very tip-top lived dear old Grandma Tabby, who had snow-white whiskers, and her legs had grown so feeble from climbing all those stairs all those years that now she never went out except once a day to market. And on the floor below lived young Thomas-Cat, a mischievous young sport with gray-striped trousers. And under that lived his sweetheart, Mary Jane.

So one day, to show off to Mary Jane, Thomas-Cat dropped a banana peel on the stairs outside his apartment and waited to see what would happen. He didn't know that old Granny was just coming from market with a basket of eggs, and just as she reached the next-to-the-top landing her paw slipped on the banana peel, and down she went, slip, slip, slop, down, down, down, all the seventeen flights. Splash! flew her eggs in every direction. And from every door on every landing a pussy-cat stuck a surprised, bewhiskered face, and on every nose flew a dash of raw eggs.

So when the landlord heard a bump on his landing and stuck his head through his door downstairs, seventeen pussy-cats on seventeen different floors were howling in seventeen different tunes: "We want an elevator!"

This made the stingy landlord so mad he hurried inside, slamming the door on his own tail. Then the seventeen pussy-cats held a meeting on the roof, and everybody said: "Thomas-Cat, you are young and clever, what shall we do?"

"Um-m!" said Tommy, twirling his whiskers. "Grandma Tabby must invite the landlord to lunch tomorrow—and do just as I say."

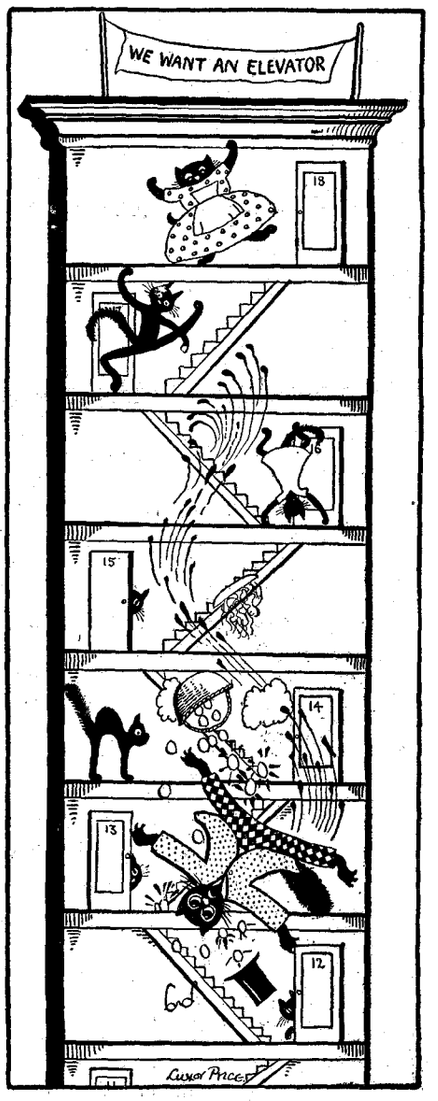
So after he and Grandma had whispered together a while, she climbed all the way down the seventeen flights again and gave her invitation. The landlord accepted with pleasure, for he thought everybody had forgotten about the elevator, and besides he would save his lunch money next day.

That night eighteen pussy-cats went to bed smiling with satisfaction; only one was the landlord, and he didn't know what was in store for him.

Next day dear Grandma Tabby called for the landlord on her way home from market, and climbed sweetly ahead, her paws full of a bottle of milk and a plate of cooked spaghetti from the delicatessen. Behind her climbed the owner, a bit winded, but in fine spirits. He didn't see Thomas-Cat grinning in the shadows on the-next-to-the-top landing, and if Grandma Tabby saw, she said nothing.

Bang! The landlord-cat slipped on something, and down he went. Splash! Grandma let fly the food, and down rolled owner, banana peel, milk, and spaghetti in a whirling, twirling mass! The faster he slid, the more tangled he got, and at every landing a bewhiskered face stuck out its nose, grinned, and popped hastily back.

Bump, bump, bump, bumpitty bump! Sixteen times the fellow bumped, until he landed wrong side up before his own front door. And pell-mell, rough and



The descent of the landlord

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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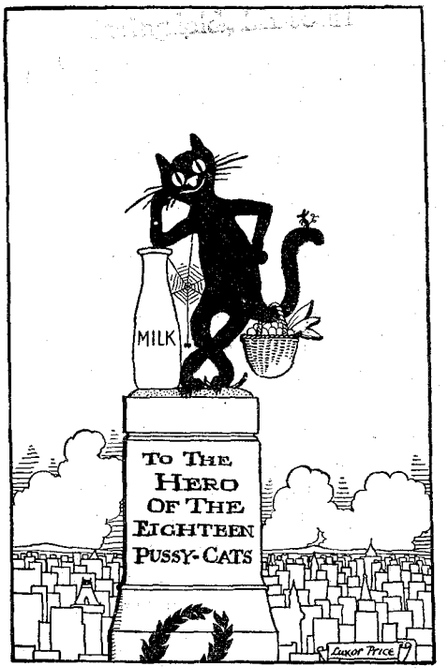
tumble, down flew all the seventeen pussy-cats, screeching and mewing and meowing: "We want an elevator!"

So the owner knew he was beaten, and the very next day the elevator workmen came. It took them a whole year, but the day the elevator was finished Mary Jane and Thomas-Cat were married inside, and though Grandma Tabby, who gave the bride away, caught her tail in the workings, and Mary Jane got seasick, and mischievous Thomas-Cat kept his finger on the bell all the time the minister was speaking, still everybody agreed it was a grand contraption. And to this day on the roof of that eighteen-story apartment-house you will find a statue of a Tom-Cat, a banana peel, and a basket of eggs, with this elevated inscription beneath: "To the Hero of the Eighteen Pussy-Cats.'"



The statue to a Tom-Cat

The Edgar Allan Poe Tradition

(Continued from page 499)

traced in nearly all detective stories; indeed, this is a type of writing in which all the efforts of three generations and Mr. S. S. Van Dine have added little or nothing to the formula discovered by Poe. His influence can also be traced in short tales of almost every description, and there are, in fact, many authorities who believe that the modern short story, in the strict sense of the term, was one of his inventions. He did not invent modern poetry, but it owes him a considerable debt. Reading his poems, one observes certain metrical patterns, certain types of refrain, certain uses of adjectives and adverbs which did not occur in any poems before his day, and which do occur in a great many of the poems written since then. Indeed, his poetic works have had the unusual fate of exercising what might be called a reciprocal influence on different nations; they have affected certain French writers like Baudelaire, who affected English poets like Swinburne and Dowson, who in turn affected some of the more recent French poets, who are now affecting Americans and Spaniards. The least one can say is that Poe is part of the traditions of modern literature in half a dozen countries.

Finally, in listing the tangible proofs of his importance, we can mention his imaginative power; it is another of the elements on which his enemies and his admirers are able to agree. He succeeded in reaching a difficult and desirable goal toward which many writers have struggled and at which only a very few have arrived. He succeeded, that is, in combining old elements so as to form a new world complete in itself, an imaginative world stamped with his own personality, a region out of space and out of time where the House of Usher crumbles eternally behind a stagnant moat, where Arthur Gordon Pym drifts southward to the Pole, where ravens tap in the night against a lattice, and where Eleonora gathers the everlasting flowers that carpet the Valley of the Many-colored Grass.

Queer People

(Continued from page 495)

the least excited about it. At the beginning of the campaign General Apathy has the largest army that he has ever mustered in America. So far as I can see, the South outside of the police limits of Houston got not a single thrill out of having a National Convention within its borders or out of getting one of its sons on the tail of a National ticket.

Nobody can understand that, of course. When the National Democracy graciously gave the South a Vice-Presidential nomination, the South ought to be many times more enthusiastic for Democracy than it was in the good old days when it got no recognition whatever. But it is not. It is the South. And probably, when November arouses the old loyalties and the old revulsions, the South will vote pretty much as it always has voted. But it is interesting to see the South in a unique political mood, even if it is only preliminary.

Boliandó Avestruces

(Continued from page 503)

in them. It seems that the Argentines have come to realize that Americans mix a little football with their polo. And this time that American football as well as the rather severe American polo will be met. Not that any man on either side contemplates hard or illegal riding—rather that the riding off will not always go to the American advantage.

There is no doubt that the men from South America are deadly determined to win. In years past, says Jack Nelson, "we have never had a chance at anything except the American Open Championship. That is a great honor, to be sure, but we want the top of the world in polo. It would be a far-sighted policy for the United States, which has the best fields, the greatest reservoir of players, to open the championship to the world. Some day when you put up a trophy emblematic of the championship of the world you will face dangerously good teams—from Spain, from India, from France, anywhere that polo is being developed on fast grounds as a game of pace. Polo will never be any better than the field on which it is played. And your international field at Meadow Brook is the best field on which I have ever played. This time we are not asking as much of our horses as we used to do. We will not go officially into action until September, when we shall try to win the greatest prize we can think of at present. Other scores in the way of preparation will mean less than nothing. We are glad to visit around and play anywhere, but mere winning, until September, is to us unimportant."

I had almost forgotten one other little advantage possessed by the men from Buenos Aires. They call out their team directions in action in Spanish. So the spectator should be prepared on the field for such howls as *"Al hombre"* (Take your man), and *"Seega,"* the best translation of which is "Let's go." There is a constant running fire of Spanish of the mellow and colloquial order.

Polo has been called the game of "dust and bad language," and it is not to be supposed that the Argentines are any the less equipped with the latter than Mike Stevenson, for instance. They admit it. "Oh, yes," said Nelson, "we'll say a few things that are untranslatable, but you'll not mind, because nobody can tell you what they mean."

It will be well to look out for the grown-up ostrich hunters. They mean business this time.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Don Quixote from Nebraska

"Bryan, the Great Commoner," by J. C. Long. D. Appleton & Co.

This is an excellent and sympathetic biography. By sympathetic we do not mean partisan. J. C. Long is certainly no Fundamentalist, and probably neither a bimetallist nor in any way a political or social brother of Bryan. He appears simply as a man of understanding.

If the psychological fiction and popularized psychology of the last decade or so has done nothing else for the common man, it has at least opened his eyes to the possibility of honest variety of temperament and outlook among his fellows. We have seen the man who fifteen years ago refused to credit the sincerity of those who disagreed with him in religion, taste, or public conscience begin to change his attitude and accept the fact that, although he hates Bach, another man as simple may honestly love it; although he scorns the Episcopalian liturgy, another man as pious may find it uplifting; although he believes that woman's place is in the world of competition, another man as forward-looking may believe that it is in the home; although he is an imperialist, another man as true may believe in immediate independence for the Philippines. Whether this growth of tolerance carries with it any promise of progress or not is a moot question. Certainly it makes for humanity and gracious living. And it has made such biographies as Long's not only possible, but expected. Bryan was a menace or a savior to his fellows according to their lights. To cynics of any time he would be a figure of fun. But to the understanding, and Long falls into that category, he is a striking, dauntless, touching figure—the sort of man doomed by his own temperament to die of a broken heart. Long calls him a mixture of St. George and Don Quixote. To us he seems the noble, silly Spanish knight all through. Anybody's windmill may be another man's giant. When you have accepted that fact, you have taken a stride toward the only philosophy of life which can carry you through with your head unturned by praise and your heart unsoured by gibes. Although to understand him we must make such an acceptance, Bryan himself could not do it, and so he died, like Don Quixote, supported only by those who loved but could not understand him.

Long's biography is simply written and clear. The reader is thrown a little off the track at first by what seems to be an attempt at "Mercurizing" in some of the things included in the panorama of events and personalities of Bryan's time. For a moment one thinks that another tedious jokester is at work. But after that there is nothing in the book to annoy the most sober reader, and plenty to entertain the most frivolous. The data is accurate and amply elaborated. The story is well rounded; home life, public career, and character are set out in interesting manner and sufficient detail, with plenty of quotations and illustrations from the contemporary press. The style of writing augurs nothing considerable for Long as a literary figure, but he seems to have no concern with that. He sets out to tell a curious and interesting story, and he succeeds.

Long says of Bryan that he was "the artist in politics, in the bravura manner, the manner of his times." He was that. Herbert Asquith spoke of him to Ambassador Page as "a peculiar product of your country." He was, rather, a peculiarly American product. Demagogues are to be found everywhere, but Bryan could have been produced nowhere but in the American 'nineties. He should survive in the memory of the social historian as indeed the Great Commoner, because he was the ideal of the people whose cause he espoused. He was honest and homely. He wore sleeve garters. He orated. He was a great church-goer and a generous friend. He was a delightful talker and handsome in the heavy way still popular in Western films, and which was in his day so well liked by the ladies that one stanch gold Democrat hostess of his Congressional days thought him the most charming man in Washington. (This is not in Long's biography.) He knew his Bible; and the speech and writing of our day are the losers by the general loss of such knowledge. He had the common taste —execrable, if you like—in manners, amusements, and dress. He was the product of his time, and if his end was rather pathetic than tragic it is because he survived his time so completely.

All this J. C. Long makes plain. He does not attempt psychography. He limits himself to a careful, non-speculative statement of Bryan's physical background and allows the reader to do his own pondering on heredity, environment, and behavior. He sets down fully and without comment the events of his hero's life, and leaves it to the reader to discover fundamental causes and possible effects. His only suggestion as to interpretation lies in his directing of the read-

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. To be reviewed next week.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Age of Reason," by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson, perhaps the most romantic figure in American history, in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. To be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Reviewed in this issue.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cæsar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

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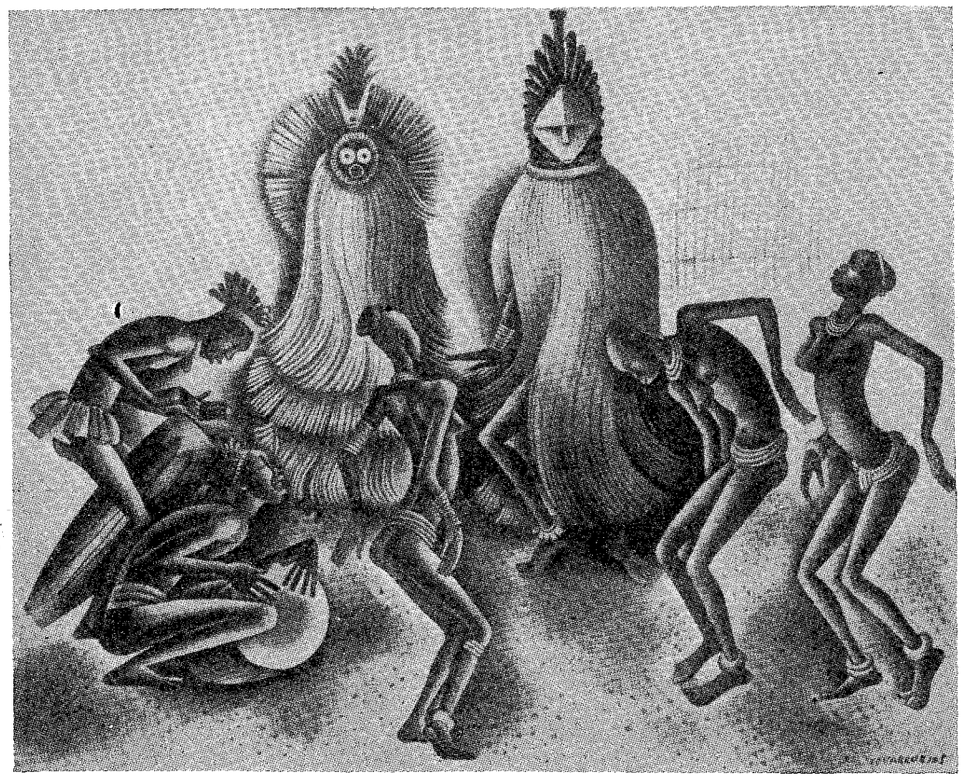
er's attention toward Bryan as a romantic figure. This will help such as may not have seen it for themselves to an appreciation of the qualities and defects of the Peerless Leader.

And it helps, too, to an understanding of the one glaring inconsistency in Bryan's career. Accept him as Don Quixote and, using that symbol, you may be able to reconcile his own obvious sincerity and his alliance with William Randolph Hearst. Perhaps in that questionable virgin he saw the Dulcinea of his dreams.



African ritual dance

Illustration by Miguel Covarrubias from "Adventures of an African Slaver"

Black Cargo

"Adventures of an African Slaver," by Captain Canot. A. & C. Boni.

A hundred years ago there were not only rum-runners but slave-runners. The trade in African slaves was by that time prohibited by all the Great Powers, but it was too profitable to be relinquished, and it flourished as bootlegging now does—a dangerous, exciting, but certain way, unless Government inspectors, pirates, African fever, or the winds of the Atlantic got him, for a man to make a fortune. The picturesque quality of the dangers which the slave smuggler ran and the shuddering horror of the merchandise in which he dealt have endowed him, to our minds, with a kind of romantic ghoulishness. But Captain Canot seems to have thought of himself tranquilly as a pretty slick fellow and not a bad friend of the Africans. Dangers undergone are plentiful in his story, but the horrors of the "middle passage" are mostly lacking. Perhaps that is because this is "A True Account of the Life of Captain Theodore Canot, Trader in Gold, Ivory and Slaves on the Coast of Guinea; His Own Story as Told in the Year 1854 to Brantz Mayer."

Canot was a Franco-Italian, American by adoption. Beginning his life as cabin-boy under an American captain, he became by force a pirate and then by choice a slave-trader. At the end of his lurid career he was picked up on the wharves of Baltimore, a penniless outcast, begging rum and odd jobs, and put into the hands of Mayer, a local journalist, to whom he turned over his diaries and papers and to whom he told his story. This story, edited here by Malcolm Cowley and brilliantly illustrated by Covarrubias, is fascinating. To the collaboration Canot contributed adventures, background, characters, and humor; Mayer, who was a typical middle-nineteenth-century literary hack, a style which Malcolm Cowley describes in his foreword as "turgid, bombastic, sometimes ungrammatical, generally euphuistic," yet a "translucent medium through which shine the wild adventures and wilder character of Theodore Canot—that soldier of fortune, brave, treacherous, and obliging, honest only in his rages, who went seeking danger and fortune in the African trade." Mayer's style heightens not a little the effect of the book, which is that of a picaresque novel. It is full of fights, escapes, schemes, and sly tricks which display to great advantage the superior courage, ability, and wits of the hero. There are laughs and nudges in the midst of bloodshed on its pages, and pirate banquets and evenings in the airless harems of African chiefs in the midst of tabulations of profit and loss. Such cant as there is in the book can be attributed to the journalist, Mayer. Canot himself seems to have gone about his ugly business with a cheerful lack of conscience and a stout heart. He got through a variety of incredible adventures always with considerable credit, moral and financial, to himself. And his story, as told here, makes fine reading, especially for those who may look for excitement only in books. They will find surprise, amusement, and exhilaration in reading of the deeds of Captain Canot, without suffering the disturbance of any wish to go and do likewise.

Intimations from the Brook

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company.

The brook of Susan Glaspell's novel is the stream of life. Her story begins in life and ends in it, having passed through death. Or it begins in tragedy and ends in acceptance, but it has taken forty years and three generations to relate the first to the last. In the story of the generations of man the parent pays to his child the debt of love which he owes to his parent. Any other payment is vain. But that story has no end. If it is compressed into a novel, there remains, when the covers close, a child with an uncanceled debt. That is why such a book as "Brook Evans" must leave the reader with a sense of suspension, as though the end were not the end at all.

This novel has the technical fault of breaking into two parts. In the first, the

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story is that of Naomi, Brook's mother, with Brook as a secondary interest; and this is brought to a tragic but poetically just and satisfying close. The story of Brook, which follows it, is the story of a woman seeking in middle life to justify her will to live by convincing herself that by living she gives to her mother, dead, the fulfillment which she did not give her alive. Whether or not Susan Glaspell intended to convey to her readers the sense of the inevitable frustration to follow such a course, she did, in turning Brook toward such justification, show a penetrating comprehension of the development of the character which she has given to Brook, which is one of the most masterly strokes in a book remarkable for the fullness and vitality of its characterizations. The theme of the book is, indeed, in contradiction to any self-justification theory. On the first pages Naomi waits beside the stream for her lover, and on the last her grandson waits by the same stream, listening to its intimations of life, and waiting for what it is to bring him. The will to live needs no justification. It needs acceptance, and in the end it is not the child who pays through his children, it is life which pays through life. The story of Brook Evans, without being in the least sensational, is highly dramatic and dependent frequently for its dramatic effect upon surprise. Susan Glaspell, the accomplished playwright, shows there. So that it seems to us that by telling the story we should take a little away from the pleasure of the first reading of it. The book, though, is not in the least dependent upon surprise or any other device for its interest and worth. It is a wise and moving story, full of rich understanding and a deep appreciation of beauty. It is without humor and without irony. It is typically the work of a woman novelist; but a woman mature, familiar with love and pain, too rich to be bitter, too sad to be small. Her work is full of truth and ripe wisdom, a book which youth will read and enjoy without understanding, but which to maturity is like the touch and sight, in the midst of a storm of young violences, of a compassionate and valiant friend. So personal, in fact, is the impression of this book that, easy and rewarding to read, it is difficult to review. If you are distressed by the break in interest, you may not find the story satisfactory. But if there is in it that which touches you personally—and the mature person whom it does not touch must have led a singularly smooth and painless life—you will agree with us that "Brook Evans" emerges from the mass of contemporary novels with the mark of truth upon its pages.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 505*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
"Trial of Mary Dugan," Sam H. Harris.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
"The Silent House," Shubert.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.
"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynn Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.
"The Happy Husband," Empire.—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.
"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.
"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.
"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.
"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.
"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.
"Present Arms," Lew Fields.—A very entertaining summer musical show.

The Movies

(*See page 507*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.

Ludwig Fails

By AMOS N. WILDER

"The Son of Man: The Story of Jesus," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.

"The Poet of Galilee," by William Ellery Leonard. The Viking Press.

Turn the pages of this new biography by Ludwig and try to fix on the reasons for its unconvincingness. Hugh Walpole tells us that it is received in England "with howls of derision," and a wit damns it laconically by saying that "Pilate is well drawn." Yet here is an acknowledged master of biography. Apparently the method of "Napoleon" and "Bismarck" shows its weaknesses in this test. The setting of the life, indeed, is brilliantly given us here. A "Prelude" gives us a graphic picture of Jerusalem, with its diverse elements. Before us, as on a screen, pass the Romans and the various Jewish parties. The passionate and conflicting faiths and ideas of the time are set in contrast. We see the aged and morose Tiberias at Capri. We see the Pharisees of the holy and unholy city execrating the Roman and Alexandrian Jews, come home with their Greek ideas and customs. We see the "daggermen" and zealots of Galilee, the Saducees, Essenes, Hillel, Herod, and the feverish expectation of the times that seemed of themselves to call forth a deliverer.

Into this setting Ludwig proposes to place the life of Jesus in its natural and human course, freed of the miraculous and disentangled from later theology. A meritorious project. He would give us the living and struggling Jesus, his dawning experience, groping, choices—in short, the heart that beats there. Also meritorious. But he has not given us anything in the least adequate. Set aside all the theology you want, there is still a personality there greater than this vacillating, deluded figure. The author stresses the contrast between the Galilean ministry—which he pictures with much of pastoral charm—and the closing months, when he would have us believe that Jesus' better judgment was confused by the sense of a royal mission. In this latter stage Ludwig attributes to him in various episodes pique, "an arrogant ecstasy," "vengeful thoughts;" and the sorrows of the Last Supper and Gethsemane are largely personal disappointment.

If it takes a poet to understand a poet, and a saint to interpret a saint, how dangerous it is to undertake the biography of the Nazarene? It is the old story of the masterpiece judging the critic. Papini, Barton, Ludwig, expose themselves rashly in trying to do this portrait. In them not only the authors but the age is exposed. We are rankly

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superficial, and these books are so. Ludwig's whole treatment partakes of the theatrical. It is all for the eye, nothing for the heart. It is a highly colored film. Merely as a matter of style, this continuous use of the historical present tense grows fatiguing. The book is beautifully gotten up, with fifteen illustrations after Rembrandt, but the meaning of Jesus' career as it moves towards its world-mastering climax is travestied.

Ludwig, the popular biographer, with his eye for the dramatic and colorful, sees this in the life of Jesus, and this only. On the other hand, Leonard, himself the poet, sees in Jesus the poet, the seer, the genius who speaks of the final realities. It is a very penetrating and moving study of the qualities of Jesus' thought. From the point of view of the Gospels as literature, this is an invaluable text-book. The book is twenty years old, resurrected in protest against Barton. The Leonard of today sadly enough disavows the hero-worshiping Leonard of that time, however.

It is partly the unsolved questions of scholarship that lie at the bottom of Ludwig's difficulties. But it is even more a lack of comprehension. It is one thing to give a lifelike picture of a saint or hero. Delteil has done it for his Jeanne d'Arc, who, he insists, is "eighteen years old" and who comes to life in a wonderful way. Even there Delteil misses the saint. So Ludwig misses the Christ. He is profoundly unaware of deep human and divine issues which were supreme to Jesus. A thousand years from now the greatest changes the world will show, perhaps, will not be those pictured by our scientific Utopias. They will be, rather, a finer sense of humanity in the world and a deeper sense of divine operation in life. Man's mood will be more solemn and elevated, and he will have a new intelligence of the transcendent. When that time comes, the dimensions and proportions of the life of Jesus will be sufficiently sensed to justify a biography.

History, After a Fashion

By J. DANA TASKER

"Jack Kelso," by Edgar Lee Masters. D. Appleton & Co.

While his publishers still capitalize that ancient rare moment when Edgar Lee Masters achieved rank among his contemporaries, the poet himself does nothing to nourish the infant fame. Since the first "Spoon River Anthology" he has made no significant contribution to the cause of modern poetry. "Jack Kelso," his latest work, is no exception.

Wandering episodically through a galaxy of names, people, and places, this dramatic poem eventually gets nowhere. As an attempt, through the cross-sections of Jack Kelso's life, to show the virile aspects of the rise of American civilization, the poem is hopelessly ineffective. For that matter, Mr. Masters in daringly trying to draw the whole pageant of national history from the days of the farmer Lincoln of 1831 to the present sets himself a task that very nearly defies achievement. The factual statements concerning the turbulence of the times seem to stand in place of atmosphere adequate to depict accurately the flux of the country as it has moved from pioneer, through merchant, to industrial age.

The whole poem gives the impression of an after-idea creation; an imaginative scheme to tie together a few pieces of fine lyricism and mold them into something of epic dimensions. There are noticeably good passages, and they are inherently lyric. In the tiresome whole poem they lose identity; if judged apart from the entire "Jack Kelso," they have the charm of direct simplicity which distinguishes Mr. Masters's best work. Only these rarities in the book are commendable.

Probably the greatest flaw in the attempted conception of Mr. Masters as a dramatic poet lies in his inability to adjust the temper of his conversational tones to the different characters that he creates. Each in turn speaks only the language of Masters; Lincoln does, and Douglas and Kit Carson and all the rest. None has a personal way of talking, and they consequently parade the stage like so many similarly masked figures. The voices of the women in the story vary a trifle, but the difference is one purely of sex, not at all of individuals. They are made to betray slightly more sensitive natures, and seem to echo an unexploited idealism of the poet's.

Especially apparent in the pure mechanics of the drama are the studied speeches of the uneducated Indians and the insertion of references to volumes of Shakespeare and Plato where the author's intention is the characterization of a natural dreamer, not of a scholar. The different stage directions are seldom conceived in the same style; while one may have a poetic impulse, the next falls flat.

"Jack Kelso" gives unmistakable evidence of being the work of a poet. But a series of episodes, giving an indistinct picture written around an unconvincing central figure, and done in monotonous verse, cannot be termed a successful venture in dramatic poetry. Until Mr. Masters can command again a frame of mind, original and poignant as his earlier one, his fame will remain surely unnourished.

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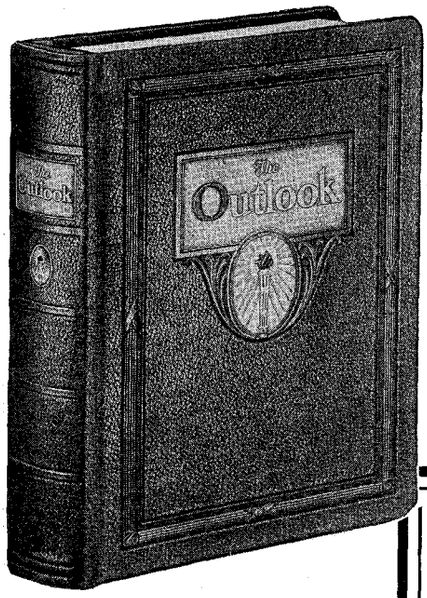

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The History of a Half Year

TREADING closely on the flying heels of the news, The Outlook combines the carefulness of the historian with the alertness of the daily press. A man who is talking politics, or invention, or business economics, or social progress, must have facts as a solid groundwork for his arguments and conclusions. He needs something, therefore, to supplement his daily newspaper and to select for him the events that really mean something and are of permanent importance.

Much of Monday's news has lost its value by Wednesday; much of Tuesday's news is forgotten by Thursday. But the vital news is just as important six months from now—or six years. Broad knowledge and long training are required to select the real news which is essential to an understanding of current history. The editors and correspondents of The Outlook are chosen for their knowledge, experience, and contact with life.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Philip Gibbs's
The Age of Reason
Doubleday, Doran

We wonder—is this really a new novel or was it written twenty years ago? Lay figures addressing frightful platitudes to one another. The diction is of the 'nineties. The persiflage is of lead, unless you know of something heavier. The theme—well, the fate of all authors who load the dice in their own favor has overtaken Mr. Gibbs. He convinces us of the opposite of what he intends to show. Here is Margaret, an orthodox Victorian girl, marrying Hesketh, a widowed scientist, who has two grown children. These two have been brought up by their father to take their proper place in the Age of Reason, which he believes is to supersede the Age of Faith. Viola walks around in the garden without any clothes, and Cyril has a scientific bent which is shown by his using such words as dinosaur and behaviorism in his jokes. Margaret, however, still clings to the faith of her father, the Canon. The children shock her; when Hesketh rejuvenates his father by doing his own improvement of Steinach's operation on the old gentleman, her faith is shaken. Her brother kills himself. Still she clings. Other things happen too, and there are many arguments. And then, feeling that the scientist is getting the best of it—as he naturally would, since Margaret really didn't have a very good mind—Mr. Gibbs takes the loaded dice out of his pocket and makes the fatal throw. Margaret has a supernatural vision. And Hesketh gives in. But the reader doesn't. He says: "Take an honest pair of dice, Mr. Gibbs; roll 'em again, and see what you get."

Percival Christopher Wren's
Beau Ideal
Stokes

Otis Vanbrugh loved Isobel Rivers, but, alas! Isobel did not love Otis. She loved John Geste, who with his two brothers had joined the Foreign Legion in a former book by the same author, and who had last been heard of as a convict in the Penal Battalions of the Legion. So the heroic and self-sacrificing Otis—everybody in the book is just simply too appallingly heroic and self-sacrificing—goes out to Africa, joins the Legion, and gets himself railroaded into Biribi, the convict depot of the Penal Battalions, in order to find John and bring him back to Isobel. And, sure enough, he finds him, and then the adventures come thick and fast, what with the demonic Selim, the beautiful Arab dancing girl known as the Angel of Death, the two Americans who have pulled a little Lawrence in Arabia act and made themselves the head of a confederation of Arab tribes, and various other dauntless characters. John is one of those strong, silent men that we have always wanted to write a novel about, because you don't have to think up things for them to say. In moments of stress they just blush and stammer, and the reader is supposed to know that they're full of noble thoughts but just can't get them out. Otis is a strong, silent man too, but when he tells the story his silence gets lost somewhere, with the result that he is unbearably prolix and takes 400 pages for what could well have been told in less than half that. His adventures are exciting and well told, but drowned in words. And the picture of the Legion, while correct in detail, is incredibly romantic. We don't quite believe that it is made up almost entirely of gallant cultured gentlemen and desperately fearless criminals, heroes all. Not an atom of reality in this book, but the action, what there is of it, is exciting.

Virgil Markham's
Death in the Dusk
Knopf

Strange things had been happening in Highglen House when Alfred Bannerlee arrived so informally. And still stranger ones happened in the next few days—so strange that we think perhaps they don't belong to this story at all: the mysterious murders, the disappearance of Sir Brooke, the phantom of the wicked Parson Lolly, the madness of Maryvale. The incidents are piled up with such a lavish and undiscriminating hand that the effect actually is of a group of schoolboys playing pranks with pumpkins and candles and sheets. And this is a pity, because Mr. Markham can really envelop his supernatural occurrences in an atmosphere of mystery and horror. He can write eerily, which is a gift that shouldn't be wasted on Hallowe'en tricks.

Frederic F. Van de Water's
Hurrying Feet
Appleton

Jack Scarlett joined the New York State Troopers when his grandfather, old Debrett, disowned him. And then he was called in to help solve the mystery of his grandfather's disappearance, in which a Balkan Minister of Finance, a Russian doctor, and a sinister hunchbacked chemist were involved. Pretty soon grandfather turned up again, but a couple of murders kept the Troopers on the job, though nobody seemed to want them very much. But Jack got his man, in spite of grandpa's sneers and the hostility of the lovely Sylvia, and all ended happily. A good yarn for hot summer reading, since it's not overstuffed with unnecessary padding.

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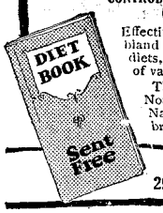

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At the Vienna Staatsoper

(*Continued from page 506*)

pelago. She is alone save for three "figures of nature"—Najade (Naide), Dryade, and Echo. She bewails her lot. On bounce the Italian comedians, who try to cheer her up. She is disgusted at their flippant intrusion into her woes and retires to her cave, while Zerbinetta, Harlequin, and the others proceed to make merry.

A ship is seen; Ariadne, thinking it is the dark messenger from the realms of Pluto, makes ready to go with him willingly. Instead of which, it is the great god Bacchus himself, who consoles her and changes all her grief into a new and radiant joy of living.

The music which accompanies the prologue or *buffa* section, is altogether delightful, with its arias, ariettas, and recitatives expertly handled by the composer, who here employs fragments and motives from the opera proper, which follows.

The opera itself is one of the most delicate and charming things Strauss has ever written. To any one hearing it now for the first time it doesn't perhaps sound very modern, but then one must remember that, first of all, it is a "baroque" opera; and, secondly, that it was written two years before the "Sacre du Printemps" burst upon an astonished public and created a musical epoch.

The delightful trio at the beginning sung by Najade, Dryade, and Echo, the big opening air of Ariadne, and the brilliant bravura piece sung by Zerbinetta are gems unique in opera. The approach of Bacchus and the ensuing duet with Ariadne, which brings the opera to a close, are in the composer's finest vein of lyric beauty. Instead of an orchestra of Gargantuan proportions such as Strauss usually employs, we here find a band of thirty-five soloists, but, as a piano and an organ are included, there is no effect of thinness even when done in as large an auditorium as that of the Staatsoper here.

The entire cast was excellent, Fräulein Schwarz as Ariadne and Frau Gerhart as Zerbinetta carrying off the honors of the evening, while in the prologue Frau Angerer was more than good as the young man whose opera is so cruelly and amusingly mutilated. Elisabeth Schumann, well known to Metropolitan audiences, was Najade and sang the florid music allotted to that character exquisitely. Harlequin was well acted and sung by Herr Duhan, and the part of Bacchus was done by Hendrik Appels, of the Munich National Theatre, appearing as guest artist. The latter acted well and quite looked the part of the exuberant god of life, but the less said of his singing, the better.

The opera was conducted by Mr. Strauss himself, who once more demonstrated the fact that his musical genius, great as it is when it comes to composition, most decidedly does not extend to his conducting. The mise-en-scène was extremely effective and very beautiful, while the stage management and costuming upheld the high traditions of this opera house in such matters.

Youth and Love

(*Continued from page 496*)

What we need, obviously, is an All-University Necking Parlor, a sort of Temple of Venus or Garden of Astaroth, in which the amatory arts could be cultivated under æsthetic influence. . . .

Since, therefore, the Palace of Amarosity would offer an innocent mode of sublimating the sexual impulse, since it would develop the student's artistic nature, since it would offer an attractive mode of approach to great music, great art, and great literature, since it would give a harmless and efficient introduction into the connubial mysteries, and since it would win the hearty indorsement of Plato—we hereby institute a campaign to Make the University Safe for Necking.

HOWEVER flippant and even vulgar all this may sound to ears unaccustomed to the intonations of the jazz age, it cannot be gainsaid that here is frank speaking and sound sense. It serves also as an example of the way the younger generation employ humor as a weapon both of offense and of defense. Forced to endure from their elders a great deal of what is known as "bunk" in the form of solemn preachment and propaganda which they can neither receive nor outwardly reject, young people take refuge in ridicule. This makes them appear more irreverent and insensitive than they really are. "Laugh that off" is the catchword of their subconscious code of action; they would appear at all costs to live gayly and gallantly, and, like an acrobat, perform each difficult and dangerous feat smiling.

But, best of all, these young people are able to laugh at themselves, for to do this it is necessary to have transcended one's self, because things are humorous only to him who can look *down* upon them. Man is the only laughing animal because he is more than animal. This cultivation of the comic spirit by the younger generation has a significance, therefore, which should not be overlooked. The uses of the comic spirit consist in teaching the world to understand what ails it: as Meredith says, it is the specific for the poison of delusion, it is the "ultimat civilizer."

That humor is an important element in the psychological make-up of moder youth is proved by the fact that its purveying through the mediumship of moving pictures, Sunday supplements, "columns," and comic strips has attained an amazing and quite unprecedented magnitude, eminent comedians, paragraphers, and caricaturists receiving captain-of-industry incomes and their names being household words. While a vast deal of this output is mere silliness of the slapstick and seltzer-bottle variety, Ade, Adams, Briggs, McCutcheon, Don Marquis, Will Rogers, and a host of others represent much that is finest, wisest, best in our Americanism, quite aside from the motley in which their thoughts com dressed. And does not the figure whic the genius of Charlie Chaplin has create stand in some sort of symbolic relation to the young people of today? Are not his sensitivenesses, his loneliness, his dreams, his hopes, and his despairs the rude, distorted images of theirs?

Putting aside all prejudice, it seems to me that our ultimate conclusion in this matter must be that, though the loves of these young men and maidens may be incoherent, inconsequent, a game of blind-man's buff, their humor rude, crude, acrid, and their nearest approach to beauty orgiastic dancing to the sound of jazz, love, humor, and beauty are none the less the loadstones which attract them, even though they cannot make them bright jewels of their crown.

And how could it be otherwise? For youth is a period of seeking, not of finding, crammed with promise, but promise in disturbance, because the waters of the sacred fount are muddied by anxiety, ignorance, fear, and apprehension, the precipitate of time having had little chance to operate. As blind eyes yearn for light, they are seeking love and joy and beauty; if this sometimes assumes the form of a too great preoccupation with sex, jazz, and bootleggers' gin, it may only mean that they have wandered, but are still "hell-bent for heaven." For in thus seeking, however blindly, Adam's lost heritage, they are serving a nobler god than the god of bargains. Of this they are obscurely aware, and it is the reason why starvation, coercion, criticism, and ridicule are powerless to divert them from their quest.

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